

YOURBOOK



THE SENTINEL university of montana

WINT

YOURBOOK



FALL

WINTER

SPRING

sign:

Handwritten signature

no. 000521

YOUNG



\$2.00

WINTER...

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BUSINESS MANAGER *rick hall*
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FRONT COVER—Kaimin Photo by Dan Burden

INSIDE WINTER

IN MEMORIAM 5-15

The Sentinel Staff pays silent tribute to the era of the yearbook, as recorded in changes of style; and reproduction of illustrations and classic ads. We see also the transformation from a small intimate university where everybody knows everybody, through a gradual loss of individuality, to a computerized tomorrow.

TO THOSE WHO SOMEHOW SURVIVE

An encounter, related by Hal Mathew, leads us into an introspection. If survival rests on knowledge of self, surroundings and situations, this will serve as an important primer.

THEY DID THAT? 24-25

Dr. H. G. Merriam, author of "The University of Montana . . . A History," contributes once again to the University, adding insight into the student of yesterday—1920-1970.

1972 CALENDAR (Insert)

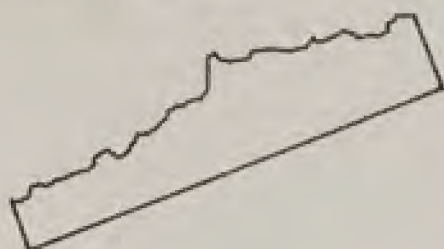
What can we say . . . ?

WINTER 26-41

26	IN DEFENSE OF WINTER . . .	<i>dan burden</i>
27	WINTER SCENE	<i>greg siple</i>
28	SKIING	<i>don schwennesen</i>
32	SKI HIKING	<i>bob benson</i>
34	SNOW SHOEING	<i>dr. bill myers</i>
36	PICTORAL POEM	<i>jack ballard</i>
37	SNOW STUFF	<i>dan burden</i>
	THE CREMATION	
40	OF SAM McGEE	<i>robert service</i>

SUBSCRIBE!

NOTE FROM EDITOR



Welcome to WINTER! . . . The first of three publications issued during the 71-72 school year. WINTER will be followed by SPRING and SUMMER this year . . . All three publications. Right now we are a curiosity. Our staff consists of a business manager, editor, graphic artist and two photographers unfamiliar with a quarterly production. Yet, we feel we can succeed. The campus has grown to a size too big for a small yearbook; and is resultingly left in a middle ground without a periodical.

Although a daily newspaper and weekly feature section can keep up with more important happenings, a gap is left. The *Kaimin*, for instance, does not have sufficient funds to run a 16 page feature of the fine arts on a paper stock that withstands time. A photo essay is spoiled in the mass of advertising needed to pay for such a section. And a comprehensive feature is difficult to schedule, research and write in the short period of a week.

Our format for this quarter is cautious. We are uncertain both of sales and desired coverage. Your reaction is needed. To help us with future issues, and in the design of a worthwhile campus publication please take the time to fill in the enclosed questionnaire (pg. 3). We are seeking additional criticism and recommendations from the Department of Journalism and campus publications across the nation. By summer we will know where we stand. By then we will have gone through numerous refinements.

Additionally, we need to expand our volunteer staff. Obviously, one editor and one graphic artist cannot represent the campus. It takes many experienced in writing, photography and art to make a lively and comprehensive magazine. We need ideas for both photo and written coverage.

Unfortunately, if we fail this year it may be many years before another publication can be attempted. It is difficult to pull together the necessary funding, equipment, staff, and desire. Your enthusiasm, as expressed in a completed questionnaire or note is needed.

Our next issue, SPRING, will be available at Spring Registration. The format will depend largely on your response to our questionnaire (page 3). However, we are tentatively scheduling the following articles. We appreciate additional recommendations.

Bicycle Touring

A detailed article on planning, packing and riding a one day, weekend and extended bicycle tour. Numerous maps are being prepared of suggested local 25, 50, 75 and 100 mile tours.

Rock Climbing

An article of introduction, emphasizing safety, equipment, and where to get instruction.

Kayaking/Rafting

How to get started in the brisk excitement of riding the spring runoffs downstream over and around rocks and boulders. How to stay afloat, survive if dunked, read the river, and selection of equipment. Suggested routes for both rafting and kayaking, based on stream depth.

Review of The Arts

Covering literature, music, crafts, prints, the dance and drama.

Education

A special feature covering the educational process today . . . A close look at the Round River Project, Black Studies events, new courses and programs . . . a mention of things to come.

UP COMING

design your own magazine

Help us put together an exciting campus magazine—Fill in the enclosed questionnaire, fold, tape, and drop in a mailbox—we pay the postage. Then, watch for improvements in the SPRING issue.

Although we're now a magazine, not a yearbook, this year we have the capabilities of recording in a final issue any of the following (✓ Check preferences below).

PLEASE MAIL BY JANUARY 15TH

HOW MUCH COVERAGE

	Heavy	Moderate	None
Sports	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Entertainment	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Social Life	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Group Photos	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Class Photos	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Other	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

YEARBOOK VS MAGAZINE (Check one or more)

- ☐ Drop Yearbook (Run Final Photo Essay in Magazine)
- ☐ Drop Magazine
- ☐ Keep Yearbook and Magazine
- ☐ Use Hardbound Binder for Magazine
- ☐ Drop Yearbook and Magazine
- ☐ Other

EXPENSES VS QUALITY (If Several Choices, Number in Order)

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| How Should We Finance | <input type="checkbox"/> Tasteful Advertising |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Increase Price |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> ASUM Funding |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Place on Activity Ticker |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Other |
| If We Expand, Which Do You Prefer | <input type="checkbox"/> Color |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Add Fall Issue |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> More Specials (i.e. Calendar) |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Additional Pages |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Other |
| If We Cut Back Which Do You Prefer | <input type="checkbox"/> Reduce Page Dimensions |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Fewer Pages |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Cheaper Paper Stock |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Other |

FREE POSTER

If you purchased the \$7.00 yearbook package you are entitled to one free poster, to be distributed Spring Registration. (See ad, pg 1) Check choice below.

- ☐ 1A ☐ 2B ☐ 3C ☐ 4D ☐ 5E
☐ 6F ☐ 7G ☐ 8H

STATUS (Continued)

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Student | <input type="checkbox"/> Administrator | <input type="checkbox"/> Local Resident |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Faculty | <input type="checkbox"/> Staff | <input type="checkbox"/> Other |

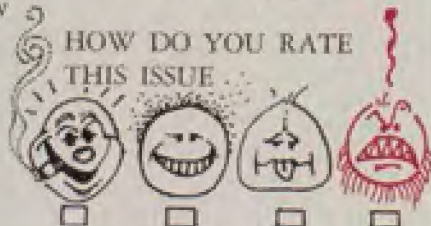
HOW ABOUT . . .

- ☐ Indian Studies Section
- ☐ Black Studies Section
- ☐ Women's Lib Section
- ☐ ECO Action Review
- ☐ Educational Review
- ☐ Sports Review
- ☐
- ☐
- ☐
- ☐

Check Sections You Liked

- ☐ Yearbook Review
- ☐ Student Today
- ☐ Winter Feature
- ☒ *Calendar!*

HOW DO YOU RATE THIS ISSUE



YOUR STATUS

- ☐ Purchased \$7 Yearbook
- ☐ Purchased This Issue Only
- ☐ Received Complimentary Copy
- ☐ Lifted This Issue
- ☐ Bought Yearbook Each Year in School

WHERE PURCHASED

- ☐ Student Bookstore
- ☐ Local Bookstore
- ☐ Outdoors Store
- ☐ By Mail
- ☐ Other

ADDITIONAL COMMENTS/RECOMMENDATIONS

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT
NO. 2
MISSOULA,
MONTANA

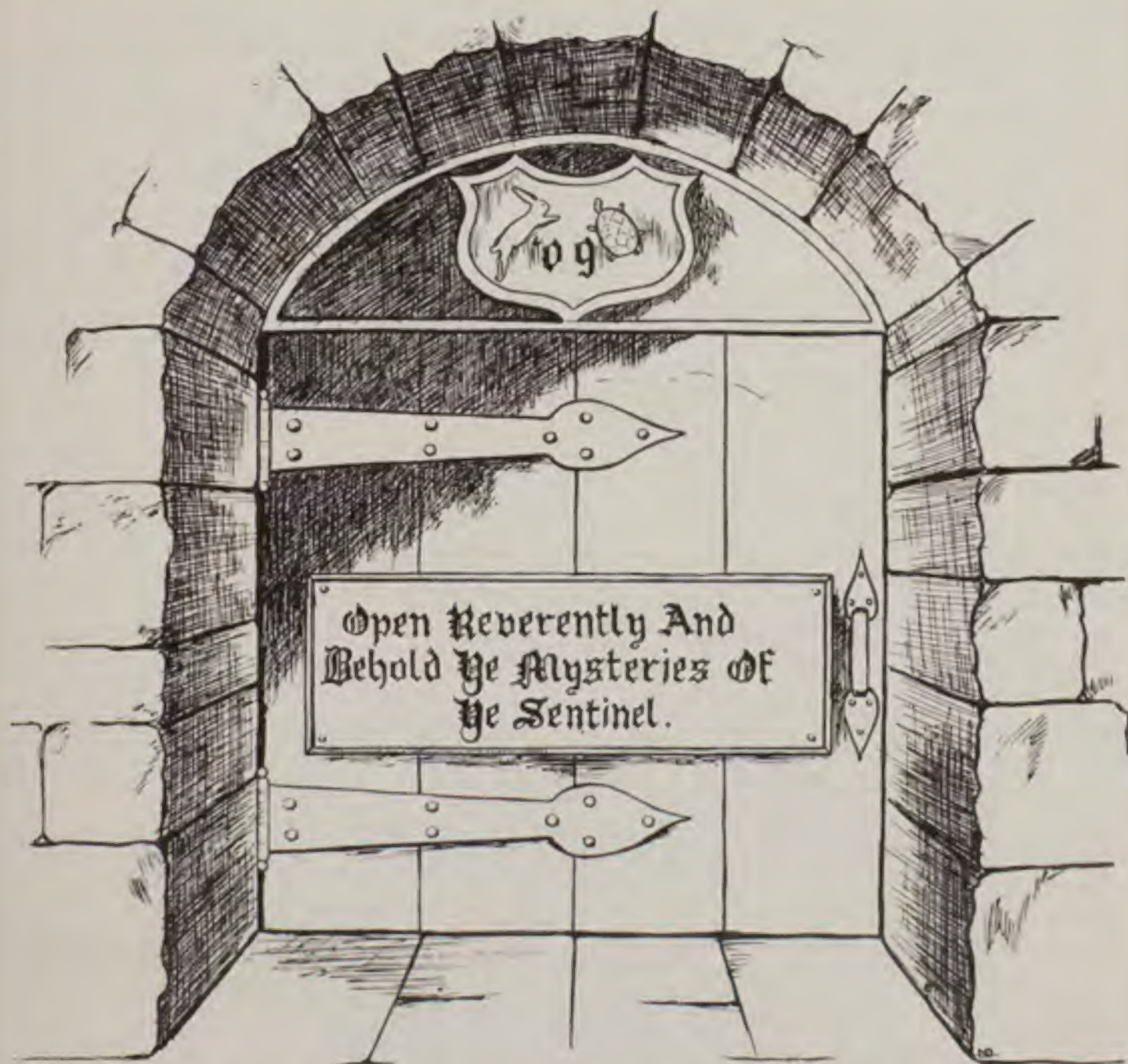
BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed in the United States

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY —

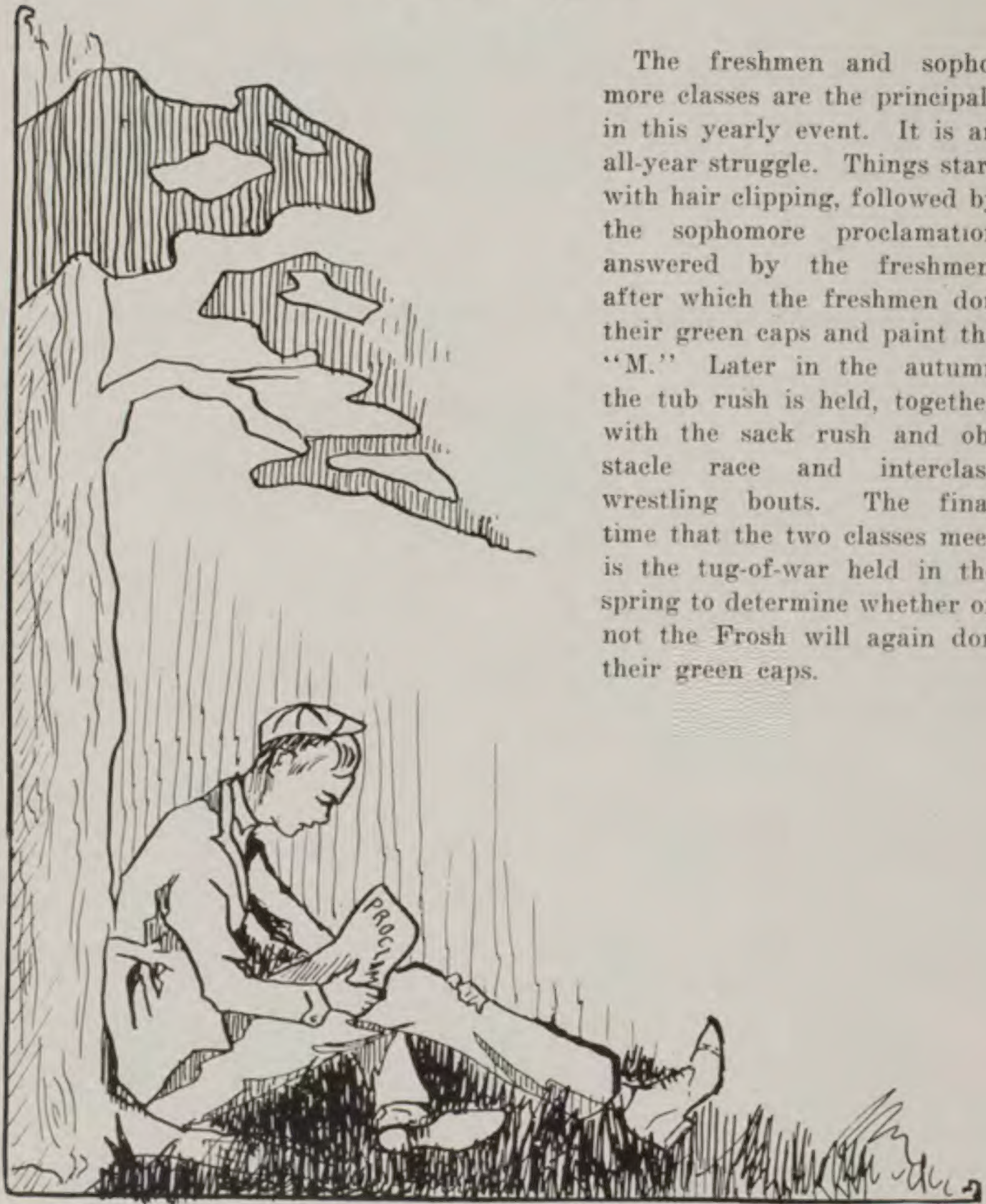
the sentinel
university of montana
missoula, montana
59801

IN MEMORIAM



Class Fights

The freshmen and sophomore classes are the principals in this yearly event. It is an all-year struggle. Things start with hair clipping, followed by the sophomore proclamation answered by the freshmen, after which the freshmen don their green caps and paint the "M." Later in the autumn the tub rush is held, together with the sack rush and obstacle race and interclass wrestling bouts. The final time that the two classes meet is the tug-of-war held in the spring to determine whether or not the Frosh will again don their green caps.



The Girls They Didn't Leave Behind

Three Co-eds in the Service

As an emphatic denial to the general opinion that there was nothing for "the girls they left behind" to do but knit and wait after the 200 or more State University men joined the colors, three women of the varsity volunteered their services to America and were accepted.

The first to go was Alpha Buse, '06, who was doing post-graduate work in the journalism school when she received an appointment to a government position at Washington, D. C., having successfully passed a civil service examination. On November 19, 1917, Miss Buse left for the national capital. Her first work was in the forestry headquarters, but she was soon transferred to the war department and worked there under the direction of Billy Sunday's son.

Now she is in the aviation service, occupying a confidential position, in charge of the summarizing, charting and securing of information which should be brought to the attention of the chief of the division.

The second of the co-ed trio is Ethel Johnston, '20, who also passed the civil service examination with honors. Although she had not yet received her appointment, she "took a chance" and left for Washington with Miss Buse, and is now working with the American Red Cross Council at the national headquarters.

And the third is Helen McCarthy, '18. Her position in the military is unique. She is one of three women who are employed as official hostesses for the soldiers in the training camps of the United States. Miss McCarthy is assistant to the manager of recreation for the troops at Camp Lewis and a member of the committee that recommends rooms for the use of the soldiers while they are in Tacoma. Besides this she heads a movement to raise \$50,000 to build club rooms for the boys in khaki. Under her supervision dances and other entertainments are provided for the Sammees, both in the city and at the camp.

'12

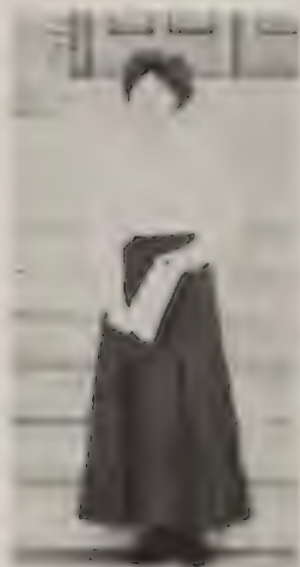
F. HAROLD SLOANE,
Missoula, Montana

What if a thousand worlds go crum-
And loads and lessons go to smash,
And the Earth forgets to spit a word,
So long as we have Hal's sunny
smile?



SHIRLEY BELLE SHUNK,
Missoula, Montana

Some like the starry decks of night,
When fairies dance and elfins play,
But Shirley likes the morning light,
And passes out waking for Day.



FRED. E. THIEME,
Missoula, Montana

Fred is so full of business,
Without him what would we do,
He smiles and orders us all around,
But every one likes him—don't you?



'06

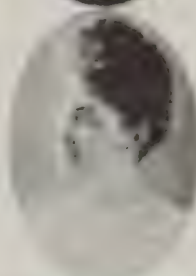
FRED BUCK

"His hearty laugh and wholesomeness,
And the wealth of a workman's vote."



DEBORAH WAGY

Her dignified and 'little lady' airs
Of never romping up the stairs,
Or falling down them."





GLADYS ANN McLEAN.
Anaconda, Montana

Here we have a real student in Gladys. She never shirks a duty or cuts a class or fails a test. The pride of Anaconda. But oh; those eyes!



WILLIAM A. BENNETT
Anaconda, Montana

He has distinguished himself as the champion of winter sports. He even runs a lampost or a curbstone and even runs "Automobilia" in his sleep. He is also a promoter and as she once said, "He was a youth of some what?"



ANNIE CATHERINE LUCY.
Missoula, Montana

It may be hard to get acquainted with Annie, but it is certainly worth while for behind her reserve is a fun loving spirit.

'11

JEROME C. FRANKEL
Cleveland Heights, Ohio
BOTANY

Phi Sigma; Forestry Club; III-
Jinx 2, 3, 4; Masquena, Business
Manager 3, 4.

ELEANOR FREDRICKSON
Butte
HOME ECONOMICS



MEARL F. FREEMAN
Inverness
JOURNALISM

Theta Sigma Phi; Sentinel Staff
3, Editor 4; Press Club.

ROLAND PARISH FREEMAN
Inverness
PSYCHOLOGY
THETA

'34

'70



rodney e keith
thomas l keller
diane v kelley
kim kelley

abdallah khoury
linda m kidd
kristin e kierig
james c kilbourne

ART



"How
do you
do?"



THE ART LEAGUE



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ACTIVITIES





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FOR DOING YOUR WORK—READY WHEN YOU WANT IT



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Call or write us.

W. H. Smead Co.

MISSOULA, MONTANA

TO THOSE WHO SOMEHOW SURVIVE

By Hal Matthew

Forgive this hastily written document. It was done the same night we heard the terrible news and is intended as a semi-historical piece—something those of you who survived, and we prayed that night that somehow a few would, can use as a sort of farmer's almanac for the future. Something to learn from and guide you along a safer path.

This is, admittedly, an analysis of a microcosm—a university in the Rocky Mountains at the confluence of five valleys; a school made up of just short of 9,000 students. But at the end of the night we decided this University was a fair representation of the whole.

It was a strangely calm, introspective night in view of its significance. A group of people, and believe me it was a cross-section of the campus, was sitting around a table in the University Center having coffee when a side door whooshed open and a fellow not at all fitting to the environment dashed in and stood busily a few feet from our table. Our conversations stopped haltingly as one and then another spotted him.

The first thing I noticed was his feet. While others entered the room with snow on their shoes or boots, this man had soot and it fell off onto the carpet around him as cinnamon from a doughnut. He glanced nervously about the room and then scurried to our table and asked if he could sit down. When we agreed he asked if he could tell us some frightening news and we agreed that this generation was hardened to that sort of thing and that we, while not eager to hear more, could certainly tolerate more.

What follows is the terribly, terribly important story of Joseph Ybarra, a man with hair like rug yarn, eyes like hot coals and clothes that generally seemed too long for him.

He told us he had chartered a small plane out of Newark, N.J., in time to avoid the complete death by fire of his neighborhood and had spent the last two days hopping from city to city to find out what sort of madness was going on. He finally retreated to Missoula.

"They're coming this way," he told us. "The cities have filled up and there's no room anywhere except here. They'll be here soon." Such fervor in this man.

"They've filled up?" someone questioned. "What about the suburbs?"

"Suburbs shmuburbs," Joseph Ybarra snapped. "There's no more room man. From Atlanta to Albuquerque the people are elbow to elbow and hostility runs rampant. There's no food to eat, water to drink or air to breathe." He then described stops in Pitts-

burgh where bodies lay in heaps; in Chicago where Lake Michigan had, without anyone else apparently learning of it, been filled in and developed as Daleyburg Heights, now burning; in Lincoln, Neb., where corn still tries to push through the paved over farm land; in Dallas where oil wells heave up barrels of dry sand with each stroke of the pump; in Washington where the entire town of Mount Vernon has been literally lost for months in an impenetrable smog, and so on.

"You're crazy," someone at the table offered. "This is crazy talk. You're nothing but an old fool."

"Old fool is it," Joseph Ybarra said steadily, and then not so steadily, "People are moving enmasse directly toward this state, this city." He rose. "The populace has erupted. They're coming on foot, but they're coming. They're trampling one another, disregarding family bonds, screaming, killing to escape the holocaust. You'll think old fool young man when they trample you to death. Now if you'll direct me to the nearest mountaintop I'll take my leave." And with that he left, not waiting for our directions.

We honestly didn't take his tale too seriously until someone came by and told us that none of the TV networks were broadcasting. A collective chill ran up our spines. But somehow out of the horror came a resignation and we decided the only thing of any significance we could do would be to set down, for posterity if you will, a kind of picture of this place as it was before it died. So go ahead and read it, what else have you got to do. Oh, and after you read it, find something to do will you. It was the lethargy of the masses that started this whole mess in the first place.





Sunday, Sept. 19, 1971, was a warm and beautiful day—the day the University of Montana campus began to fill up again just like it always did in the fall. Only there were to be a few changes this year.

The freshmen had been escaping harassment more and more over the past several years and finally this year were indistinguishable from other students. The young people of America had demonstrated so long against segregation and discrimination that it seemed off course to discriminate against one's fellow student just because he happened to be a newcomer.

For that same reason there was for the first time in years no slave labor available to climb Mount Sentinel and give the giant "M" a new coat of white paint. Someone tried to brighten it up the previous spring with a multitude of colors, in the fashion of the day. But even that paint had faded by fall. Man was beginning to learn to leave mountains and the like to their own destinies. But still the way that "M" was fading away up there seemed somehow symbolic.

For the first time in as long as anyone could remember there were no new faculty members awaiting the students. The state's budget was crippled in the previous legislative session and UM decided to cut corners by not hiring any new teachers.

Students were entering and continuing in school with absolutely no assurance that they would have jobs in their fields when they graduated. All evidence indicated that the college degree was losing value even more quickly than the great American dollar. The spring of 1971 was one of despair for the college graduate in the job market, but the spring of '72 promised to be even bleaker. Many of the students on campus in the fall of '71 were fifth year people—those in no hurry to enter the real world because there seemed to be no place for them out there.

A gigantic new library was being constructed on campus although there was no assurance that the University would have enough money to fill it with books or even to finish constructing it. The library was being built on the site of the old football field, which was somehow appropriate because many students were so concerned with having a good library and sound academic program they were threatening to all but eliminate student funding of athletics. Both athletic director Jack Swarthout and business manager Calvin Murphy agreed that would spell a death blow to organized sports. At that time students were allotting \$7 of their \$15 activity fee to athletics. Those opposed to spending that much money there argued that competitive sports should be supported solely by those that enjoyed them and wanted them. Meanwhile, Swarthout had a winning football team going but could not be certain there would even be organized athletics on campus a year from then.

The fraternities and sororities died a little more that year than they had a year before, and the dormitories were becoming more liberated. Nobody felt the pressure to become a Greek like students had in the early 60's and before, and no one, notably females, wanted to live a cloistered dormitory life, so both systems were changing. Many students felt that the structure and snobbery inherent in the Greek way of life was just the sort of thing that was dividing America. Dorm residents were demanding and getting a number of new freedoms—abolition of hours, the right to have visitors of either sex in their rooms 24 hours a day, the right to determine dorm regulations. There was even a strong movement afoot to create a new co-ed dorm where males and females would have rooms on the same floor.

There were new and experimental academic programs to alleviate the drudgery of the old world academia. The Indian and Black studies programs were added in recent years and were experimenting with new approaches to education. A Ford Foundation grant allowed the creation of the "Round River Experiment," a project that viewed the whole Earth as a university. A total of 100 students were selected for the year-long program and they spent time in the woods, time in classrooms, time with government, time together, time alone trying to learn more about themselves and their places in the universe. The program was designed to help people fit in with the natural cycle of life.

So there were changes that year, indeed, but the biggest change of all was in the student. There was in the fall of '71 no longer a "Joe College" type. If you could stereotype

the student at all it would be by saying that he was aware of a need for change, that he was politically-oriented.

The demonstrations that began in 1964 in Berkeley created a new sense of power in the American student. He learned that he could direct a lot of attention toward his cause by simply assembling in a mass and being noisy. Unfortunately, he also learned at Kent State and Jackson State that he could get killed and that he could set his cause back. The demonstration did come to Montana. There was a strike two years before and a march or two the next year, but interest waned in the demonstration as a vehicle for change and by the fall of '71 it didn't appear that there would be any more significant demonstrations at UM, or anywhere in the U.S. for that matter.

The war in Vietnam was, everyone finally had to admit, really winding down, although "Vietnamization" was still very fatal to a lot of American soldiers. It was a time for preventive medicine—a time for a new approach to foreign and domestic policy, so students began to get involved in party work. The 18 year olds got the vote and could perhaps save the world, although disappointingly few of them were registering. From a small high school in a town near Missoula came word



Clockwise from top: Sen. Fred Harris, Mike Sommers, Frank Dunkley, Stuart Little, Gene McCarthy.





that the students held a mock election on several issues and voted for capital punishment and against women's liberation, among other things. It didn't look good.

UM students began to get behind the New Party when it sounded like consumer advocate Ralph Nader might run for president. He quickly rejected the notion, however. Semi-candidate Gene McCarthy, for whom students had bled in Chicago, stopped by campus in the Fall of '71 and it was sadly clear that he would make a good poet. Sen. Fred Harris, a declared presidential candidate, dropped in a while later with a charming and even promising populist party proposal, but announced he was dropping out of the race the day after he left campus.

Environmentalist Stuart Udall visited the campus that fall too. Students filled the ball room and were bored silly for two hours. We knew all that stuff. We wanted to know what he was going to do about it, but he didn't say. One of Montana's leading environmentalists, Frank Dunkle, was here for a night and smiled stupidly when asked if he was going to run for governor. His heart didn't seem to be in it.

By December it became apparent that 11 months hence there would be a presidential race between Humphrey and Nixon and a Montana gubernatorial race between two candidates who wouldn't do the state any good. And still the students worked. It was nice that some people were trying so hard. It's just too bad that the trying came too late.

But wait. Don't get the idea that every student at the University of Montana was out campaigning to save the world. That simply was not true.

There were still those upper middle class products who drove sports cars, who were beautiful, handsome, resplendently dressed, who skied in the winter, boated in the summer and ruefully awaited the return of the party raid tradition. To them the University was just another in a long series of playgrounds. They were headed toward the country club and the corporate structure, both self-destructing institutions, as we were to so rudely learn.

There were still athletes who believed the world revolved around their interests and who refused to venture outside that world.



Every encounter was a physical one and they would still be talking about their accomplishments in bars many years later, unaware that there would be no bars or people in them to listen.

And there were still the slobs and blobs who had never done and would never do anything for anyone else. They would finish school, marry someone equally indifferent, have a bunch of kids, raise them indifferently and spend their whole lives hating their jobs and themselves but directing their anger toward anyone different from themselves.

And there were still the oddballs and outcasts who had absolutely rejected any notion of making this a palatable world. Called hippies, freaks, flower children, the counter culture, they were the ones hateful people often directed their hate toward. The long hairs who used drugs and rejected traditional values were blamed for the ills of the world. But they weren't to blame. They were simply a product of a chaotic, erring world. Really just another minority group, albeit an interesting one. They bought and sold drugs despite ridiculously massive campaigns to prevent their transactions. They wore ragged



clothing and long hair despite derision from all quarters. They had their own language and their own life style and seemed to be having the most fun of anyone. They hung out at the infamous Eddy's Club where they loved and laughed and, yes, fought. They seemed at the time the best equipped of anyone to survive the holocaust

By dawn we had pretty much completed the document and someone at the table was suddenly caught up again in the horror we all had felt earlier. He jumped up and ran to the door and we followed. We watched from the balcony as he ran to the parking lot and began kicking away furiously at the snow cover. When he reached bare ground he knelt down and laid his ear to it in the manner of the plainsman listening for the thunder of buffalo. The expression on his face changed slowly from apprehension to total astonishment. He jumped to his feet to yell something at us but was, as luck would have it, promptly run over by a student who told us later he was late for a class. After the accident it was very quiet outside. Up there somewhere on the wind-swept mountain was Joseph Ybarra and on the other side of the mountain somewhere was the end





MILITARY

"War veterans returning home for an education, especially from World War II, influenced student attitudes and sobered the campus."



they did that? no wonder....

Students from antiquity

During the years around 1920 students were in college as ignorant knowledge column men. They felt and were encouraged by society to feel that they had not yet begun to live, that real life would begin after graduation. They worried little about making a living when real life began. Educators, urging young people to go to college, assured them, pointing out that they would then earn more money than persons without a college education. Students accepted that fact complacently. They had, as a *Kaimin* editor put it, "more than an even chance." They therefore assumed a feeling of self-confidence, were not upset or confused and not bent on asserting their independence. They conformed unquestioningly to society's regulations and morality.

Though *The Kaimin* during World War I, in the words of a *Sentinel* editor, "bristled with war news and phrases" and "columns were devoted to Mustard Gas and Soldier Stuff," such interest passed with the end of the war. Professors wondered why students in South America and Europe were thoughtful about and active in social and especially political affairs and students in the United States seldom ventured, physically and intellectually, off the campus. It took World War II and the Korean and Vietnam Wars, the invention of the A and H bombs and war missiles, prolonged fear of Communism and immediate worldwide communication to bring students in the United States to their present concern about life and society and world events and condition.

War veterans returning home for an education, especially from World War II, influenced student attitudes and sobered the campus. They freed the campus of traditions like freshmen wearing green caps, like many hitherto sanctified and unimportant traditions. The veterans were older persons. They were men and women of a certain hard experience. To them education was all-important. They had no time for foolishness, even for most social activities. Traditions however silly or unimportant died hard: we find in *The Kaimin* as late as 1948 writing about lack of loyalty to the University as shown in cheering at games, about littering the lawns with coke bottles.

The Great Depression of 1929 and years of the early 1930's came as a shock to students, as to people generally. It made attending college financially difficult. It forced many, many students to work for their expenses or part of them, and such work made going to college more of a reality than it had formerly been taken to be. The dominating desire of students was for security. Like society in general, they were frightened. Concern about making a living after graduation ran strong. Some students came to feel that society owed them a living. All students carried themselves with little self-confidence. An alumnus of the 1940's, speaking at a School of Journalism meeting in the 1960's, wondered how he and his contemporaries in college could have been so frightened and insecure, so downhearted. Students of the late 1930's and the 1940's gave themselves to fun with little buoyancy. A *Sentinel* editor wrote: "At Columbus, 1951 it was a winter of despair," but felt compelled to add, "but it was the spring of hope," and "These were the best and worst of times," with "the best" seemingly a bow to convention. Students were beginning to question and doubt.

Still in the 1940's and 1950's they accepted propriety — were polite, dressed conventionally, went to church, and used the bad language words only in moments of assumed daring.

Genuine questions were being asked by students in the 1950's about student government that would genuinely be theirs and about meaningful participation in their education. In world affairs they were dominated by fear of Communism. The whole country was beyond all reason disturbed by Communism and the disease had been caught by students. As early as 1940 *The Kaimin* editorialized on "the dangers of subversive elements in this country." That fear of Communism did not abate until the 1960's.



"The students of those days loved fun, a bubbling and irresponsible fun, a gaiety that was almost unknown to students of the 1960's."

"They came to wonder in the 1960's why as students they were not an active part of society, why their energy and intelligence should not be used in the interests of society, why they should wait for graduation to live real life."



Students had been told by their elders for generations that upon them, after their graduation, would rest the welfare of society, that they would be in the driver's seat. This was an inescapable condition, of course. They came to wonder in the 1960's why as students they were not an active part of society, why their energy and intelligence should not be used in the interests of society, why they should wait for graduation to live real life. Must education be a thing apart from living actively? Gradually they realized that security in life is not possible. True life is challenge and not acceptance. That to be in the driver's seat they must possess self-knowledge as well as knowledge of society and the world. They came to ask, Who are we, anyway? Who am I? Who is everybody, black and white and red and yellow? What is society? What is education?

By and large, the progression of students was from a protected, self-satisfied and self-confident person to a questioning, doubting person, to one craving security, to one thinking of life as uncertain, to one finding society unworkable, to one knowing that a new society is today in the making.

H. G. MERRITT

in defense of winter...

Many of us intend to get outdoors in the winter, but never do. Instead, we remain confined, going from one warm shell to another. We look out and dread the season.

How foolish! For out beyond the buried and elevated lines of electric and gas, out beyond the last plowed road is a land of white, crisp and delicate cold. No artist is capable of carving, molding and transforming water into a single shape to parallel a frost lined tree, snow decked forest, wind blown ridge or ice lined river bank. There is no magnificence to compare with winter. It is singular.

Winter drives us in. It is a planned time of quiet. A time of reflection, a time for indoor craft, and reading. One season H. D. Thoreau reflected, "Winter, with its inwardness, is upon us. A man is constrained to sit down and think." We do well to follow his wisdom.

And yet at the same time don't be fooled into thinking that all of winter should be spent indoors. We are threatened with a continuous life of technology. Even as we travel into the country we take it with us.

Part of the reason is fear. We learn early that there are too many dangers in the wild. Dangers of freezing, being lost, or breaking a bone in a fall. Unfortunately, for many of us the above is true. We have progressed into a state of dependence. Dependence upon technology, fellow humans, even governments.

However, There comes a time in one's life, as well as in the life of man where he must hazard himself to the elements of nature, or else become lost in a more permanent way. We need these dangers of the wild.

We need to know firsthand the force of winter. It is necessary to learn how insignificant we are to a

winter storm. We are more fragile than the most delicate ice crystal. In the midst of a winter forest we are a single tiny black dot. Nothing more.

In tribute to winter, on the following pages we have gathered together knowledgeable articles on downhill skiing, snowshoeing, ski hiking, and winter camping. Perhaps the articles will encourage some at least to intend to take off into the winter wilderness.

Of course our information is not complete; it is only intended as an introduction. Libraries and bookstores are full of manuals on technique. One we'd especially like to recommend is THE SIERRA CLUB MANUAL OF SKI MOUNTAINEERING. For 95¢ you can't go wrong.

Remember, winter need not be a sudden plunge. If your outdoor wisdom is limited, just trample a little beyond civilization. Do not hurry. A trek into the high country can snow you suddenly. Montana peaks frequently experience sudden arctic conditions. In the summer you can make many mistakes, repeatedly. In the winter you get but one.

Do not be on unfriendly terms with winter. Treat it neither as a force to be conquered, nor as a phenomenon to be ridden through in a machine. Treat and love winter for what it is, glorious, glorious winter! You will never master winter. Instead learn to master the art of survival under blizzard conditions. Equip yourself properly. Learn the lore and wisdom of the mountain men. Each winter season you will become enchanted and drawn deeper and deeper into winter wilderness.

And slowly, not all at once, winter will come alive, with you. You will find yourself, free as the wind blows.

God, bless winter!





by Don Schwennesen

Montana, Montana, it is on the very edge of the known world," a San Francisco friend recently wrote me before undertaking a trip here. "Watch out, for if you fall off the edge, you end up in (shudder) Canada!"

His tongue-in-cheek only half lampoons the way Montana is typically viewed, if you live east of Omaha, west of the Sierras or south of the 42nd parallel. Ask a Chicagoan what winter is like in Western Montana, and he'll conclude that the place hibernates from October to May, under hundreds of feet of glacial ice and snow.

This modern mythology—gauged by the opening and closing of Lunar Pass—has kept Montana skiing well out of the limelight. If you don't believe it, check the popular ski magazines. Last year *Skiing* broke the pristine silence while clocking out a run at Chet Huntley and a place called Big Sky. The author hung around long enough to coin a new geographical term, Bitter Root (no doubt thinking of Pops and Aunt Granny's Bitter Brittle Root). *Ski* magazine got pretty close, with a paragraph or two about Jackass, Idaho. And *Holiday* (not exactly a ski magazine) even listed Big Mountain among its ten best in the West. Of course, *Holiday* is always on the lookout for unusual, out-of-the-way vacation spots. The same issue pointed vacations in Baja, Mexico.

Chet Huntley is trying hard to shove Montana skiing into winter rage—but fortunately, popular myth does not die easily. One day very soon, the rest of America will wipe the snow from its collective eyes and see Montana for what it really is. In the meantime, we who are already here have a good thing going. Montana has some of the finest skiing in the world. It is virtually unknown, and the prices are incredibly cheap!

MISSOULA AND ENVIRONS

Talk skiing with the average Missoulian and you're likely to hear enthusiastic accounts of Big Mountain and Bridger, interrupted by occasional wistful glances toward Banff, Sun Valley and resorts farther afield. But in moments of lucidity, even the most cynical will admit that, after all, Missoula is richly endowed. Few cities in the nation (or for that matter, the world) can boast two respectable ski areas within 12 miles of City Hall.

Those who are skeptical ought to try commuting from Denver to Vail—or from Munich to the Zugspitze, or from Sacramento to Tahoe, or from Geneva to the Valais. Even Alta is a good 30 miles from Salt Lake City, and there's a lot more traffic.

In Missoula there is actually a fair amount of night life, considering the size of the city. There's noisy rock music at the Monk's Cave, there's authentic German food at the Hirschhaus—right down to the fried fish table (I didn't say it was good food, unless your taste runs in that direction). And there's Marco's, the local Greek celeb, whose Greek food is as superb as his Italian is foul, and who will achieve nothing if he ever gets a chance to serve penne.

Marshall and Snow Bowl are fairly unheated about the fact that they call Missoula's ski market somewhere near the middle. Beginners and intermediates head for Marshall, those intermediates and experts take Snow Bowl. However, a modest battle for the middle market may be shaping up this year. The new packing machine at Snow Bowl seems designed to make the descent from the top T-bar less desperate for the average intermediate. There will still be powder up on Catalina—but as every skier knows a lot more people talk about powder than ski in it.

At Marshall, a new snow-making machine will make the season a bit longer and the conditions more dependable on its lower lying run.



SKIING!



SNOW BOWL

"If you can ski Snow Bowl, you can ski anywhere in the world," according to U of M Ski Coach Rusty Lyons—and it's hard to find a more complimentary, or a more challenging assessment. However, intermediates may not find such remarks very assuring, and beginners may find them downright terrifying.

Long a haven for local powder skiers, Snow Bowl boasts terrain fast enough and steep enough to have attracted the U.S. Alpine Championships of 1967. Snow Bowl Assistant Manager Stan Cohen says the area hopes to attract a World Cup competition one of these years—but in the meantime, the management aims to provide groomed slopes and expanded base lodge facilities to attract the average skier, who in earlier years have cringed at the thought of tall moguls and untamed "pulverschnee." Beginners will still want to stay on the lower slopes.

Snow Bowl skiing traditionally starts Thanksgiving on the upper slopes, and by mid-December the entire facility is normally in operation. However, a mild winter has been known to delay the season until Christmas. On the other hand, snow lingers until late spring on Snow Bowl's sunny slopes—usually outlasting the skiers, in spite of the area's southern exposure. Last year, according to Cohen, Snow Bowl closed in April for lack of customers. The snow lasted well into May.

Although Cohen terms Snow Bowl "small potatoes" in comparison to larger, more distant competition at Whitefish and Bridger Bowl, many visitors do not agree. Said one Canadian skier, "Big Mountain has more area" but Snow Bowl has just as much variety to offer.

True, Snow Bowl will never rival Huntley's Big Sky as a condominium center for wealthy Californians. But to many locals, this comes as no disappointment.

To reach Snow Bowl, take the Reserve Street exit on Interstate 90, head north up Grant Creek and follow the signs until the road peters out. Make sure you're equipped for the trip. Though relatively short, the road is unpaved and can get rather exciting.

MARSHALL

Don't sell it short. Marshall will never host the Winter Olympics, but it features some of the popular amenities—including night skiing, a good ski school and an all-weather access road. The elevation is lower (base elevation 4,000 ft. as opposed to 5,000 ft. at Snow Bowl), so the season is a bit shorter.

This year, the management hopes to supplement nature with a snow-making machine, designed to fortify the snow cover on the more well-travelled beginner's slope and on the headwall above the lodge. A snow-maker in Montana probably seems to fall somewhere between heresy and absurdity. Still, Easterners and Midwesterners will vouch from long experience that the infernal machines lay down a pretty decent base. Skiing through a man-made blizzard is a veritable mind-freak, especially at night. It isn't powder, but for this most beginners are grateful—and it's way ahead of ice, grass and gravel.

There are some challenging runs down Marshall's mid-section, and the area is a good place to practice for almost any skier of any ability. An all-day ticket is only \$3.00 for adults, or \$2.25 at night. And take it from me: that's cheap!

SKIING

To reach Marshall, take the East Missoula exit from Interstate 90, continue northeast on Montana 200 for about two miles and turn left (north) on Marshall Creek Road when you see the ski area sign.

WESTERN MONTANA & VICINITY

In addition to the two local ski areas, Missoulians can choose from several other resorts which are within the reach of ambitious "daytrippers," and particularly accessible to weekenders and overnights. To wit:

EAST—BRIDGER BOWL

Utah has no corner on the powder snow market, magazine ads notwithstanding. Bridger has some of the best snow going, and a decent amount of sunshine to go with it. It is generally considered a shade smaller, but in the same league with Big Mountain. As such it offers a huge variety of terrain, notably a pair of enormous bowls, each equipped with a lovely headwall.

A third chairlift is nearing completion, and it ought to further reduce what were never crowded lift lines to begin with. I've heard tell that the Bridger lines have gotten as long as twenty minutes on a rare crowded weekend. Lines average no more than 5 to 10 minutes even on crowded days, however, and this is pretty generally true throughout Montana. Normally the lines are even shorter, or non-existent. And that's "outsight", for anyone who has ever stood in a New England lift line for 15 minutes or longer.

Overnight lodging becomes a relevant topic when you get as far afield from Missoula as Bridger Bowl. Interstate 90 notwithstanding, the 200 mile drive will take you well over three hours, even if you drive like an Italian.

Lodging is no problem if you have friends (or can make a few) at Montana State University in nearby Bozeman. Otherwise, there are the usual variety of motels—and you ought to be able to find a decent double for no more than \$8.00. Don't be afraid to shop around; better deals can be found, especially if you don't insist on TV and privacy. The Bozeman Hotel used to offer a bed and two

SKIING



meals for \$5.00; and the price probably hasn't changed much. It ain't the Savoy, but it's way ahead of a portable 1960.

BELMONT

Located at Marysville, northwest of Helena, this is a small area operating principally on weekends and holidays. Adult rates are \$4.00 per day, but according to the new U.S. Ski Assn. Northern Directory, Belmont offers half-price tickets to Northern Division USSA members. Therefore, it might be of interest to U of M Ski Club members who plan to spend any time in Helena this winter.

NORTH—BIG MOUNTAIN

This is Montana's biggest, and it's located about 130 miles north of Missoula (about the same distance as Glacier Park), just outside Whitefish. Allow three hours, via fast dogsled; there's usually more snow on the ground north of Kalispell.

Big Mountain offers a lot of area and a good diversity of terrain. They keep the moguls from overrunning the place, and the big upper bowls probably won't overwhelm the intermediate skier. In general, the slopes are well groomed.

The area bills itself as a family-type resort and features family ski week vacation packages, complete with Burlington ski-special trains from Minneapolis and Seattle. Whitefish is located in a "snow belt" of sorts; therefore, the season is relatively long and dependable at Big Mountain. On the other hand, Whitefish gets more than its fair share of clouds and fog.

There are accommodations at the base of the ski area, but it might be cheaper in town. More lodging is available in Columbia Falls (seven miles east) and in Kalispell (13 miles south). Local Chinese food freaks assert that the best this side of Calgary is served at Frenchie's—so you might keep that in mind if you hit Kalispell at dinner-time.

WEST—JACKASS IDAHO

Located above Kellogg, this area is up-and-coming and the through-traffic tends to keep Lookout Pass fairly passable. As Interstate 90 nears completion, more Missoulians are bound to discover Jackass Ski Bowl.

The area has a long season and pushes spring skiing. And it's really within easy striking distance of Missoula (about 130 miles). Kellogg is on the main route to Spokane, and it is high enough to be above Kellogg smog. (Those who think Missoula has been plundered by big business ought to take a look at this town!)

Other than that, you're on your own. I'll be skiing Jackass for the first time this year, too.

SOUTH—MAVERICK

Probably most people who journey this far afield will end up at Bridger Bowl. To reach Maverick, you must turn south on U.S. 91 just before Butte, then backtrack northwest another 38 miles after you reach Dillon. Total trip is around 200 miles.

Nevertheless, there are good reports about Maverick. The place is equipped with a double chairlift and a platter pull. Elkhorn Hot Springs supports an outdoor pool nearby.

LOST TRAIL

Contrary to midsummer rumors, there is no new chairlift this year. This is a small area, on the Montana-Idaho line south of Hamilton at Lost Trail Pass (e.g., on U.S. 93, the main route to Sun Valley.) It is uncrowded, secluded and staunchly supported by a small nucleus of fans.

FARTHER AFIELD

Don't abandon the prospects for a long weekend at places as distant as Banff, Sun Valley, Bogus Basin or Jackson Hole. The first two are really relatively accessible from Missoula—provided you don't select a weekend when stockmen's warnings have been posted.

South of Missoula in Idaho, the Salmon River Valley is curiously sheltered from winter snows, and U.S. 93 which follows it to Sun Valley is only complicated by two passes: Lost Trail and Galen Summit.

North of Whitefish, roughly in the latitude of Glacier Park, you hit a snow belt that looks more ominous the farther you drive—until you begin to feel like you've accidentally stumbled onto the Trans-Alaskan Highway. But oddly enough, the snows taper off after the Canadian frontier. The rest of the run is easy going as far as Radium Hot Springs (bring your bathing suit—its 50¢ per day). From Radium there are two routes through the Provincial Park to Banff. Usually at least one of them is open.

If you drive to Canada, you might consider a detour via U.S. 2 and 95 to the border crossing at Eastport, Idaho. There's a duty free border store at Eastport. It's just an old board-front general store, but the booze prices are fantastic. You're allowed 42 oz. duty free when entering Canada. Only one hitch: you have to drink it all before you come back.

Unless you look really freaky, chances are the border guards won't hassle you. But be careful—we have good friends who have been through bad busts.

Yes, Virginia, Montana really does have some fantastic skiing. With any kind of luck at all, we can keep it a deep dark secret for another ten years. Maybe even longer! Look at how long the Swiss were able to hide the Valais!

SKIING!





SKI! HIKING!

article by BOB BENSON



Ski hiking offers a host of rewards—solitude, clean invigorating air, healthful exertion, low cost, and escape from crowded cities and slopes. Touring, cross country, and ski hiking are related and overlapping terms, but here we'll define ski hiking as having two basic objectives: to hike *along or up a hill* and to ski down.

These two objectives require a combination of equipment that is different from both downhill (Alpine or yo-yo skiing) and from Nordic ski racing. Downhill involves heavy boots, precision skis and bindings, and usually an extensive wardrobe—everything needed for the ultimate control (and effect). In Nordic racing ultra light narrow

skis, light flexible boots and minimal bindings are used for fast pace across flat or rolling terrain.

Ski hiking requires both light weight and flexibility to allow hiking up the hill, and some control to get down. But this doesn't mean a lot of expense. Until a few years ago most ski hikers adapted and improvised old wood skis for light weight. To this, cable bindings were hooked by a pair of front hooks to allow the foot to lift and flex while *climbing*, with additional rear hooks for descending. In addition, "beartrap" toe pieces or safety toes were used that could be tightened down fast for the hike up or had a special attachment to prevent sideways boot movement. The complete outfit required an old beatup pair of boots that would flex for hiking.

More recently, complete bindings have been developed especially for hiking along with medium width light skis (not as narrow as racing skis). Time is well spent browsing the local shops, second hand stores and outdoor catalogues while getting geared up. Add a pair of poles—fairly long with big baskets for powder snow and you're almost ready. Except that skis slide, so you need some way to get traction going up.

Climbing waxes provide the lightest, cheapest and most challenging traction—and the most frustrating, because each snow condition requires its own special wax. Climbing skins (strips of sealskin or mohair fastened to the ski with straps) are heavier, but reliable. A novel and inexpensive device is to take a piece of water ski tow rope, knotting and criss-crossing it around the ski to make a pair of "chains" that can be slipped off for the descent.

Other equipment needed for safety and comfort should include a small back or belt pack for food, wax, extra mittens, etc. Do not use a frame, as it will catch branches in heavy brush, and it can be a hazard in a fall. Also necessary are extra socks, and a plastic water bottle (chewing on snow dries out the mouth). Someone in the party should have a first aid kit and an emergency fire starter such as Sterno. High altitude sun on snow is fierce. Therefore

take sun lotion, lip punk and sunglasses. Common sense clothing for high country includes layers of light, warm materials, with a snow repellent outer shell. Make sure all clothing is roomy.

And so off to the hills. Don't go alone, or into steep country after big snowfalls. Avoid corners and obvious avalanche paths. Seek experienced hikers — locally the Rocky Mountaineers can give you help and show lead hikers. Test your gear before starting, the bane of a trip is the guy who can't get his skis to stay on. And DON'T burn up all your energy on the hike up. You'll be skiing down late in the day, on snow that's not optimum for downhilling, and on snow that always seems to turn icy, crumbly or heavy.

Almost any mountain or canyon around Missoula offers some ski hiking. The main thing is to get up where the snow is deep enough to cover rocks, logs, junk. Look for a good shakedown area with gentle terrain, but of late the snowmobiles are pretty thick. Same at Pattee Canyon. The trails into the Bitterroots are spectacular in winter, and the ridges that parallel the canyons are even more breathtaking. They are also more exhausting going up and exciting coming down. St. Mary peak lookout is a good one day hike once you get the kinks out of your legs and equipment. By clearing a bit and riding up the Marshall or Snowbowl lifts you can spend a day looking at timberline.

One last note. When you get good, hooked and insane, disregard the earlier note about packs and haul up a pack frame with tent, bag, etc. for a night or two on skis.



SNOWSHOEING...

Bill Myers

or how to walk across snow without falling in

Missoula is ideally situated for shoeing in winter, and in the high country in spring. The region has a variety of easy to challenging terrain suitable for both snowshoeing and skitouring. Snowshoeing requires no special techniques—the biggest requirement is stamina and perseverance. The snowshoer can travel on level terrain or on an uphill grade about as rapidly as the skitourer. Of course on an open downhill slope the skitourer has the advantage over the snowshoer.

It's easy to get started in snowshoeing. The necessary equipment consists of the snowshoes, bindings, and ski poles. The snowshoes are usually made of ash wood and rawhide (untreated leather). If varnished regularly the snowshoes are very durable and will last for many years. Of course the same care must be taken as with a good pair of shoes—don't cross fields with heavy stumps, brush and rocks just below the surface. Ski poles are useful, although not necessary, and almost any pair of ski poles will suffice, although wide baskets are helpful in powder snow.

There are several types of snowshoes. Most of these can be obtained in Missoula sporting goods stores; and all of them are available through outdoor catalogues and in major cities.

The first type, the Alaska trail shoe, is the longest, measuring 10 x 36 inches, has a turned-up front and a long tail. It is preferred by many snowshoers, particularly when traveling in deep snow or when carrying a heavy pack. There is also a shorter version of this snowshoe, having dimensions of 10 x 26.

Another type of snowshoe is the Maine (or Michigan) style, somewhat wider, with a turned-up front and a tail, usually 13 x 46. A third type, the Green Mountain bear-paw shoe is the shortest, measuring 10 x 36, oval-shaped, with no tail and without a turned-up front. Bearpaws have the advantage of being somewhat more maneuverable in wooded areas than the longer shoes. Each of these types of snowshoes cost about \$50.00, while the bindings are an additional \$6.00. For the thrifty minded, a visit to the local second hand stores can often bring a good pair for under \$18.00.

For going uphill, it helps to wrap rough cord around the sides and bottom of the snowshoe just beneath the feet. Usually this is done in advance, and it serves to give considerable traction. Don't worry about sore hip and thigh muscles. They are common to the beginner, since snowshoeing uses muscles for leg lifting not generally used in walking. In snowshoeing the leg movement is similar to that used when bicycling. Don't overextend yourself; begin with short hikes with moderate ascent. The beginner should join with more experienced hikers for his first few trips. The Rocky Mountaineers outing organization regularly schedules trips for both snowshoers and skitourers during the winter and spring. These outings are generally one-day trips on Saturdays and Sundays. Watch for notices in the *NAIMN* and *MISSOULIAN*.

In planning a route the U.S. Geological Survey maps, particularly the 1:250,000 (1:75,000) scale, 40 foot contour maps, are helpful. From these, trails free of avalanche paths and other hazards can be determined (avoid 90°-90° slopes).

Several interesting snowshoe trips around Missoula are:

1. *University Mountain* (elevation 5900 feet)

Start from the Pattee Canyon picnic area, and walk up the road to the beacon at the summit of University Mountain behind Mount Sentinel. This is an easy trip, requiring one hour to reach the beacon, and 1 hour to return.



2. *Dean Stone Mountain* (elevation 6400 feet)

Start one mile beyond the Pattee Canyon picnic area at the point where the road crosses Deer Creek. Walk up the road which joins the main road before the Deer Creek crossing. At a junction at 1/4 mile take the road on the right, up the west fork of Deer Creek. After about 1 mile there is a switchback to the right; leave the road and continue up a minor road up the west fork. After about 2 miles, the ridge between Pattee Creek and Miller Creek is reached. Go west on the long ridge for another 2 miles to reach the top of Dean Stone Mountain overlooking Missoula from the southwest. This trip will take 3 1/2 hours to Dean Stone Mountain and 2 1/2 hours to return.



5. *Slide Rock Mountain* (elevation 6800 feet)

As for *Dean Stone Mountain*, start one mile beyond the Pattee Canyon picnic area at the point where the road crosses Deer Creek. Walk up the road which joins the main road just before the Deer Creek crossing. At a junction at $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, take the road on the *left*. This road takes the snowshoer up Deer Creek for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, then it switchbacks to the left, and, after another $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, reaches a saddle south of Slide Rock Mountain. From the saddle, it takes 1 hour to travel up the rather steep slope to Slide Rock Mountain. This is an excellent trip, with fine views of the Bitterroot Range and the Missoula Valley.

(For all three of the trips described above, use the Southeast Missoula quadrangle 1:64000 scale U.S.G.S. map.)

6. *Crooked Fork Road* (elevation 6400 feet)

Start from the Montana-Idaho border at Lolo Pass. Climb the snowbank on the right side of the highway and walk along the road, for about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile on the Montana side, cross a low saddle to the Idaho side, and continue for about 3 more miles to the high point on the Montana-Idaho border. This trip gives good views into Idaho and the west side of the Bitterroot range. Use the Lolo Hot Springs quadrangle 1:64000 scale U.S.G.S. map.

7. *Blodgett Creek* (elevation 5200 feet)

Drive south on U.S. 93 to Hamilton, turn right and drive to the Blodgett Creek trailhead at the mouth of Blodgett Canyon. The trail goes up the south side of Blodgett Creek for 4 miles, providing excellent views of the spectacular cliffs and buttresses on the north side of Blodgett Canyon. At 4 miles, the trail crosses to the north side of Blodgett Creek. Shortly thereafter, the snowshoer can see a natural arch in the skyline on the south side of the canyon. At 5 miles from the starting point, there is a cascade on Blodgett Creek which makes a good lunch stop. This is an easy trip, with little change of elevation and good views. It will take 2½ hours to reach the cascade, and 2 hours to return. Use the Prince Rupert quadrangle 1:100000 U.S.G.S. map.

There are a number of other interesting snowshoe trips to Bitterroot canyons (such as Bear Creek, Bass Creek, and Fred Burr Creek) and Bitterroot ridges (such as the ridge between Blodgett Creek and Mill Creek, and the ridge between Mill Creek and Sheafman Creek.) Also, Mormon Peak Lookout, southwest of Missoula near the mouth of Lolo, and Marshall Mountain, northeast of Missoula, make fine ski and snowshoeing trips.



My first experience with winter camping almost ended in disaster. Like many others not so fortunate, we made only one mistake . . . We pitched our tent in the saddle between two peaks in the midst of a storm. The wind shifted during the night as a new storm moved in. Winds rose to 60 mph, nearly folding the tent in half. The next morning, after a hurried packing of our frozen gear and tent (shroud lines were coated with 3 inches of ice) we descended 300 feet to find the storm was taking place only on the peaks. Let that then be the first lesson of winter camping—seek a sheltered spot for camp.

It is quite safe to venture out in winter, but if plans are made for going back deep within the white, prepare yourselves for a sudden storm. The sky can change from a clear blue to white, then gray and black in less than an hour, bringing with it cold winds you wouldn't believe. Unfortunately, in contrast to summer camping, in the winter you are allowed but one mistake . . . your last.

To help you in your planning keep the following points in mind. Survival in winter rests almost entirely on conservation of body heat. A person can die of exposure in temperatures above 60°, or can be comfortable and safe at 60° below zero. Much depends on how you are dressed, your keeping dry, and finding shelter in the event of a storm.

The following facts, presented in The Sierra Club's "Manual of Ski Mountaineering" should help you in a basic understanding of cold weather survival.

First of all, regarding body functions, the skin automatically shuts off surface blood circulation when exposed to cold, reducing the heat loss through the skin to 1/3 normal. Alcohol flutters the thermostat, resulting in rapid loss of heat from the body. Therefore, never drink prior to or during a winter outing.

The body further reduces circulation to the extremities as the torso gets colder. This is a normal reaction to protect the vital organs. As a result, blood to the hands and feet is reduced as much as eighteen times from maximum. Freezing and frostbite, in time, would set in. Understandably then, it is as important to put on an extra sweater as dry mittens and socks. In fact, the sweater is less restricting to circulation than gloves or socks.

When in camp, relaxing, or sleeping, keep hands and head protected. Even though you may not be cold at the time, the resulting heat loss will later affect you.

To produce heat, vigorous exercise is best. You can increase your heat output by as much as 16 times. Be sure, however, not to bundle too warm when exercising heavily. Once your clothes are wet from perspiration it is but a short while until you begin freezing. Shivering nearly doubles your heat output. If you shiver as you crawl into your sleeping bag at night an immediate heat buildup will keep you extra warm.

Another good method of producing heat is to eat. The process of digestion produces excess heat passing out of the body. The increase is immediate for carbohydrates, more prolonged and higher for proteins, and slow for fats. It is wise to eat just before going to sleep to benefit by the heat produced.

If your hands or feet need warming a bit, we suggest the following. Hands—use the under the armpits trick. The feet can be more of a problem. We suggest you find an especially good friend with a warm stomach. (Brrrrrr!) It

SNOW STUFF

"I am afraid of one thing . . . A cold wind. That'll kill you for nothing. You'll just die like a damn fool!"

"The Last of the Mohegan Men" H. Peterson





may sound crude and rude, but frostbite really hurts. Of course Jack London (as mentioned in the *Rocky Mountain*) tells of Eskimo Women warming a hunters feet under their ample bosoms.

By all means plan on staying dry. Damp clothing draws warmth from a body within minutes. Use clothing allowing the body to breathe (i.e. fishnet underwear, loose weave wool shirts and pants, wool socks). Always carry an extra set of dry cloths. Plan on changing into dry socks at lunchtime, and both socks and underwear before falling asleep. When dressing for an outing use the onion principle—many thin layers. This traps warm air between layers, and allows you to shed or don an extra sweater as needed.

No need to bathe before going out. The body's natural oils help with insulation. And although on a cold day a beard becomes heavily crusted with ice, the weight is negligible, and heat loss from the face is reduced. Besides, it looks ethnic.

Wind can be a hassle. A ten-mile an hour wind under some conditions is equivalent to a lowering of the external

INDIVIDUAL EQUIPMENT CHECK LIST

WEARING:

overmitts
wool liners or woolen gloves
parka or wind shirt
balaclava or toque
knickers (wool)
shirt (wool)

IN SHIRT POCKETS:

moleskin (4 pieces)
glacier cream
kleenex packet

IN PANTS POCKET:

chop stick
bandana or handkerchief
sour or hard candies
knife
matches in water-proof container

ON OUTSIDE OF PACK:

foam pad
sleeping bag
ice axe and crampons

IN BOTTOM OF PACK:

set of long johns (if not wearing)
1 pr. extra knicker socks

IN TOILET KIT:

moist towelettes — 2 per day
soap, wash rag and/or small towel
tooth brush, powder, and comb
metal mirror
toilet paper

IN PACK POCKETS:

Plastic bags for liners
combi-pliers
ski wax
scraper (plastic windshield)
2 lash cords (1/8" x 14")
kleenex packet
goggles (amber wearing)
avalanche cord
pack cover (large plastic bag)
extra boot laces
fire starters
one large spoon
one large cup
water bottle
bandana
flashlight — extra batteries
first aid kit (individual)
4 pack straps — 1 pair 4'
1 pair 3' — different colors

IN SLEEPING BAG:

long johns
bed socks or down booties
sleeping toque

IN TOP OF PACK:

wind shirt or parka
wind pants
wool sweater
down jacket
overmitts
wool liners or woolen gloves
balaclava or toque

Courtesy "U.S.D.A. FOREST SERVICE"



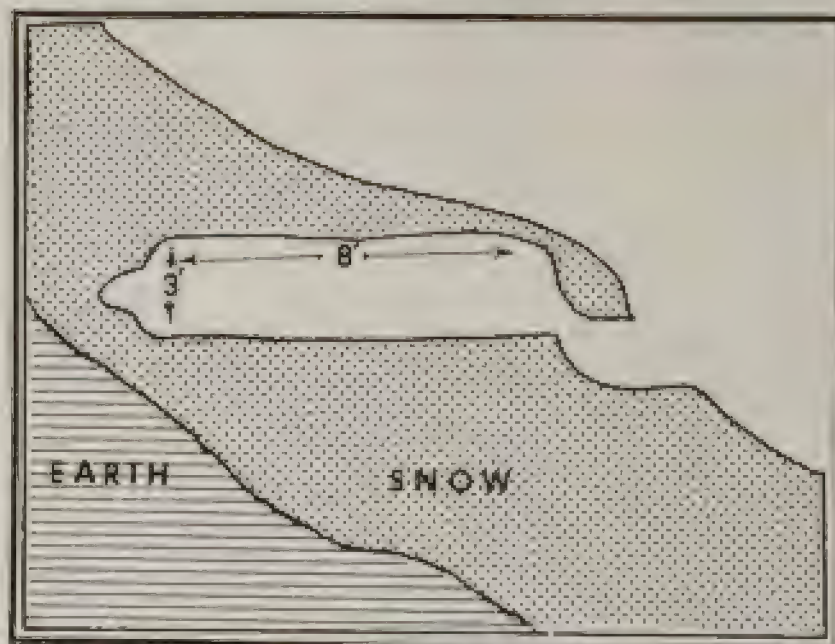
temperature 60°. Further increase in wind will have little additional cooling effect if windproof clothing is worn. Especially important is a parka with hood and drawstrings around the waist and face.

SHELTER

In contrast to summer camping, shelter is an absolute necessity. On a mountain a storm may last for several days or a week. Unless you are on the edge of the storm, and can safely trek out, your best bet is to set up camp. Always carry a windproof tent (fabric) of a design to withstand severe wind. The tent must also breathe (allow passage of body moisture), and be simple to set up and take down. A nice feature for winter camping tents is to have a small vestibule in the front for cooking. A sleeve entrance at the other end is desirable.

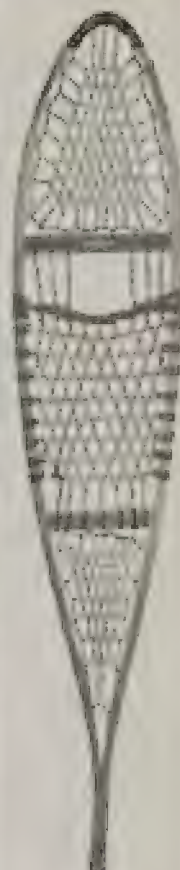
As pointed out earlier, selection of a sheltered camp is important. Further improvements of trampling the snow to a uniform flat surface for the tent site, and development of a wind shield are worth the time spent. If the snow is heavy and damp, blocks can be cut to form a wall. Evergreen and wood is also effective if snow is not powdery.

If especially heavy winds are expected, a snow cave should be built from a drift. For only a snow cave can provide absolutely still air. Breathing is not a problem, as snow is quite porous. Make sure your design places the sleeping area higher than the entrance, to trap body heat. A small



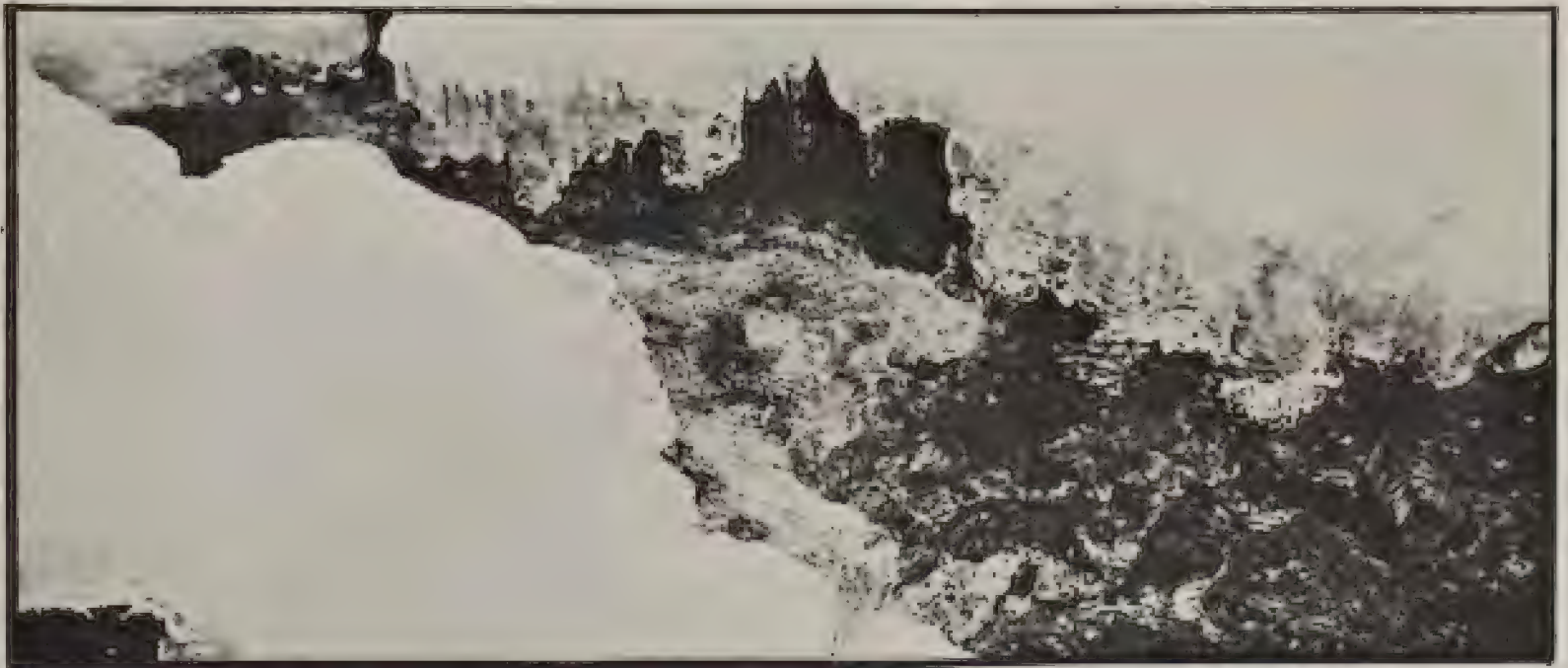
cooking shelf can be dug at the same time. For maximum warmth keep the total cubic feet to a minimum.

One last addition, however. Take along a paperback novel or two by Jack London. If a sudden blizzard comes up, dig in and spend the next few days reading *"To Build a Fire"*, *"White Fang"*, or *"Call of the Wild"*. Or how about Robert Service's, *"The Cremation of Sam McGee"*?

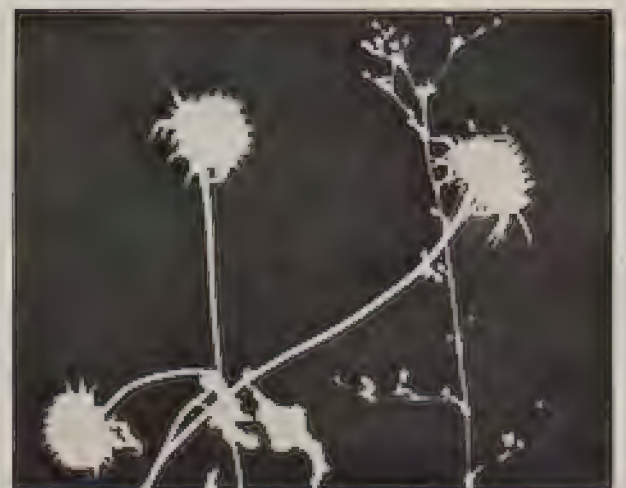




Idle thoughts
on a winter afternoon



Moments
that wander
through the back doors
of your mind



The Cremation of Sam McGEE

Used With Permission
Courtesy of Dodd Meade Publishing Co. "The
Cremation of Sam McGee" by Robert Service.

*There are strange things done in the midnight
sun*

*By the men who toil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.*

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where
the cotton blooms and blows.
Why he left his home in the South to roam
'round the Pole, God only knows.
He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed
to hold him like a spell;
Though he'd often say in his homely way that
"he'd sooner live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way
over the Dawson trail.
Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it
stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till
sometimes we couldn't see;
It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper
was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in
our robes beneath the snow,
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead
were dancing heel and toe,
He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash
in this trip, I guess;
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my
last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no;
then he says with a sort of moan:
"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till
I'm chilled clean through to the bone.

Yet 'tain't being dead — it's my awful dread of
the icy grave that pains;
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll
cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore
I would not fail;
And we started on at the streak of dawn; but
God! he looked ghastly pale.
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day
of his home in Tennessee;
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was
left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and
I hurried, horror-driven,
With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid,
because of a promise given;
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say:
"You may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you to
cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the
trail has its own stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb,
in my heart how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight,
while the huskies, round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows
— O God! how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy
and heavier grow;
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and
the grub was getting low;
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I
swore I would not give in;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it
hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and
a derelict there lay;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it
was called the "Alice May."

And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I
looked at my frozen chum;
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is
my cre-ma-tor-cum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I
lit the boiler fire;
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I
heaped the fuel higher;
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared
— such a blaze you seldom see;
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and
I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him
sizzle so;
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies
howled, and the wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my
cheeks, and I don't know why;
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went
streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled
with grisly fear;
But the stars came out and they danced about
ere again I ventured near;
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll
just take a peep inside.
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked"; . . .
then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the
heart of the furnace roar;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and
he said: "Please close that door.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in
the cold and storm —
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's
the first time I've been warm."

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who toil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebargie
I cremated Sam McGee.*



❧ **BOB WARD & SONS** ❧



WINTER

**SKIING. PACKING. RAFTING.
CAMPING. SNOWSHOEING.
HUNTING. FISHING. & MORE!**

all at money saving values!

JANUARY 1972

SUNDAY

MONDAY

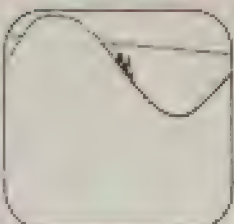
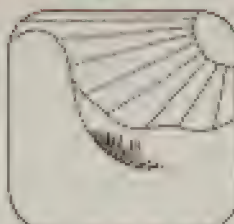
TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

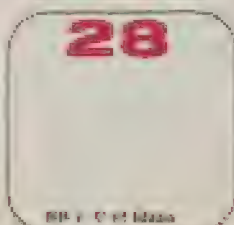
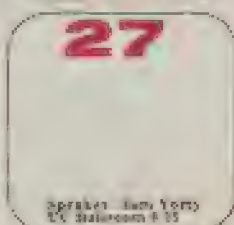
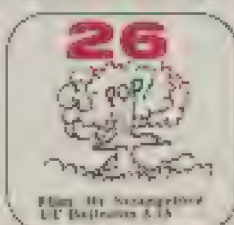
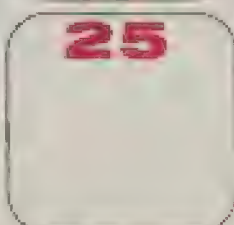
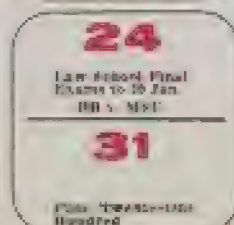
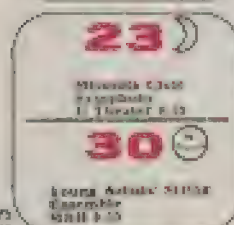
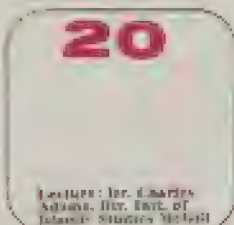
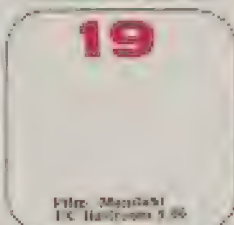
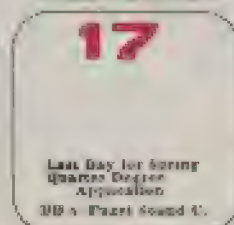
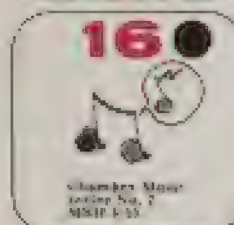
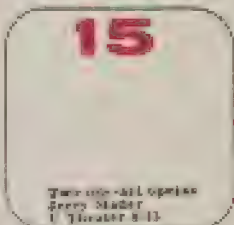
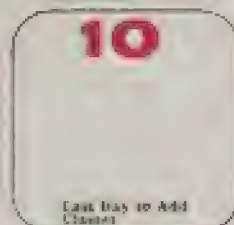
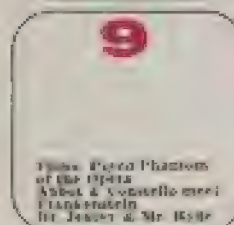
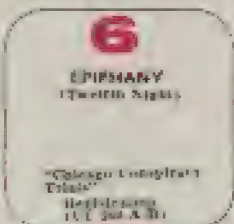
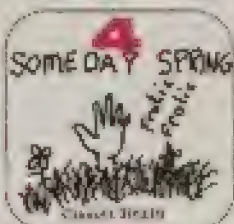
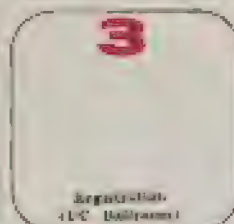
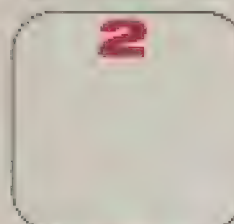


DECEMBER

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FEBRUARY

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FEBRUARY 1972

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

JANUARY

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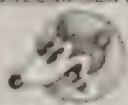
30 31

1

London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War
London

2

GROUND HOG DAY



New York: Groundhog
Day: Groundhog Day

3

4

London: Groundhog
Day: Groundhog Day

5

London: Groundhog
Day: Groundhog Day

6

London: The Great War
Film: The Great War

7



8

London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

9



London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

10

11

London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

12

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY



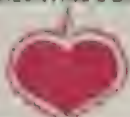
London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

13

London: The Great War
Film: The Great War

14

VALENTINE'S DAY



London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

15

London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

16

ASH WEDNESDAY
MOHAMMEDAN NEW
YEAR (1392)

London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

17

London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

18

London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

19



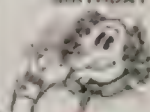
London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

20

London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

21

WASHINGTON'S
BIRTHDAY



London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

22

London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

23

London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

24

London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

25

London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

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London: First World
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The Great War
Film: The Great War

27



London: First World
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The Great War
Film: The Great War

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London: First World
War
The Great War
Film: The Great War

MARCH

S M T W T F S

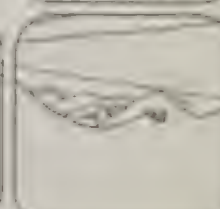
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MARCH 1972

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY



FEBRUARY

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1

Mount Beauty
"Lovers"
Mount Beauty
After: Lord of the Flies
U.C. Hallroom 5:00
V.C. Hallroom 5:00
M&H 5:11



3

MWDA State Gymnasium
1st Meet
W. 10:00 p.m.
"Lovers"



5

Mount Beauty
"Lovers"
Mount Beauty
After: Lord of the Flies
U.C. Hallroom 5:00
V.C. Hallroom 5:00
M&H 5:11



7

Brass & Woodwind
Ensemble: M&H 5:11
Speaker: Father Cropp
U.C. Hallroom 5:11

8

University of
Southern California
M&H 5:11
10:00 - 11:00
U.C. Hallroom 5:00

9

NO CLASSES

10

NO CLASSES

11

12

Mount Beauty
"Lovers"
Mount Beauty
After: Lord of the Flies
U.C. Hallroom 5:00
V.C. Hallroom 5:00
M&H 5:11

13

Evening Week

14

15

16

17

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY



19



21

22

23

24

25

26

PALM SUNDAY

27

Spring Quarter
Recreation

28

Classroom



30

FIRST DAY OF
PASSOVER
(Zwisch 3-4:00
Festival of Tzedakah)

31

GOOD FRIDAY

APRIL

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APRIL 1972

SUNDAY

MONDAY

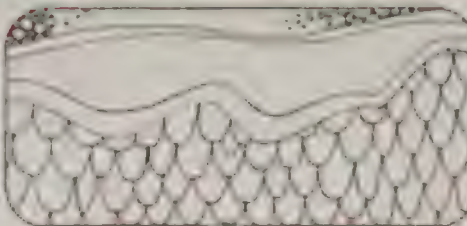
TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

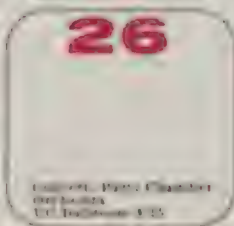
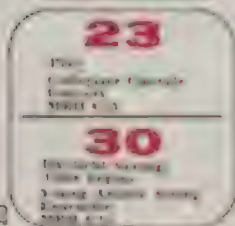
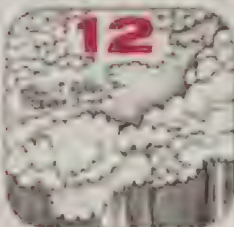
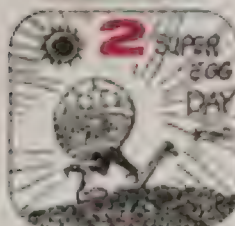


MARCH

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MAY

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Person sitting on the ground under a tree.

MAY 1972

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

APRIL

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

1

Interest check on insurance

2

3

Check - Mrs. Kell
14 June 1972 \$ 12

4

5

Memorial Day
Springtime
Robert Johnson
V. Thompson & Co.

6

7

Memorial Day
Springtime
Robert Johnson
V. Thompson & Co.

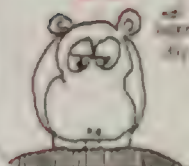
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10

Friday - Thank You
All of Your Thank You
Notes

11

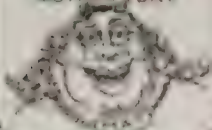


12

13

14

MOTHER'S DAY



15

16

17

18

19

20

TUESDAY

21

TUESDAY

22

23

Young Men's Fund
Donation \$100.00

24

25

Young Men's Fund
Donation \$100.00

26

Friday

27

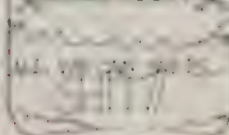
Friday

28



29

MEMORIAL DAY

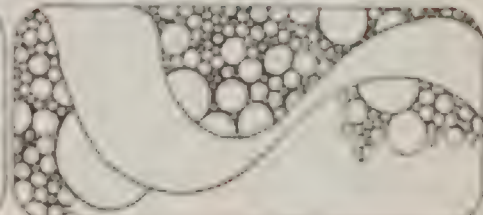


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JUNE

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30





JULIE 1972

SUNDAY

MONDAY

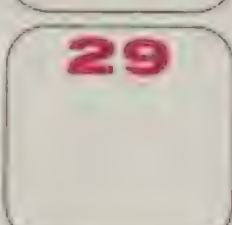
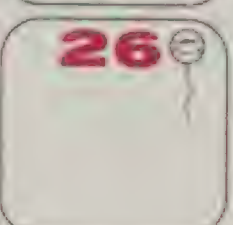
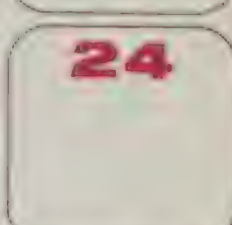
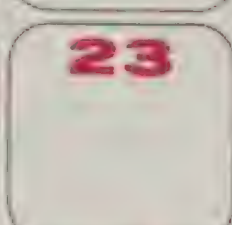
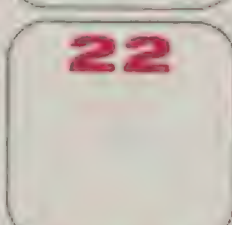
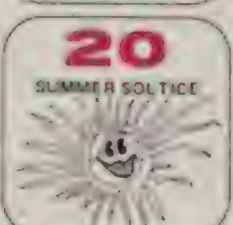
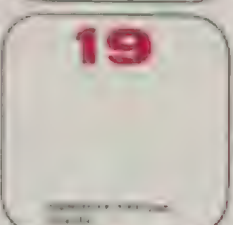
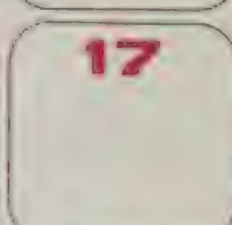
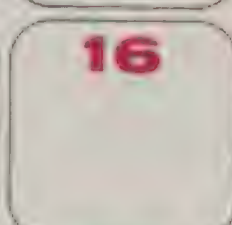
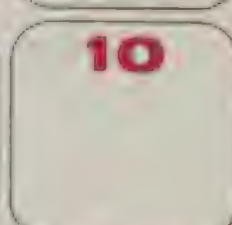
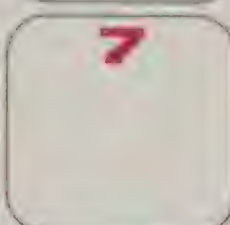
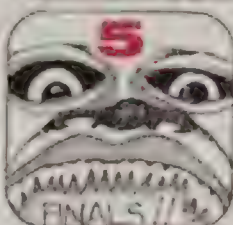
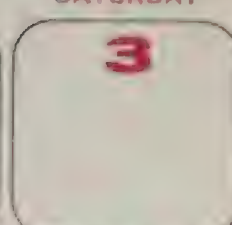
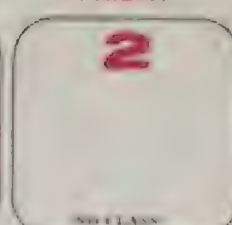
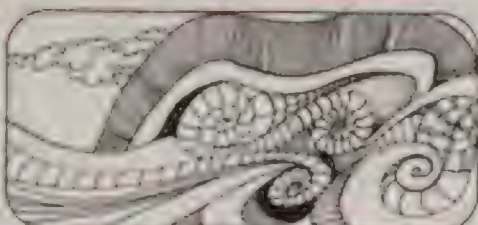
TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY





JULY 1972

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

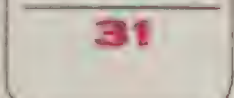
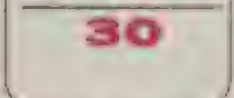
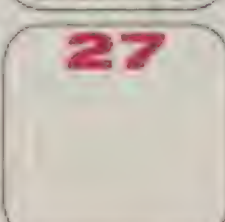
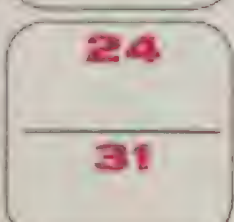
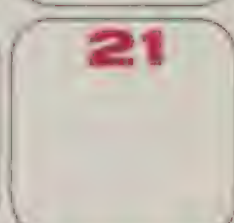
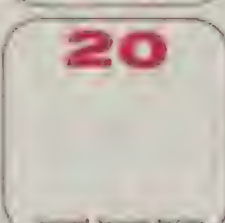
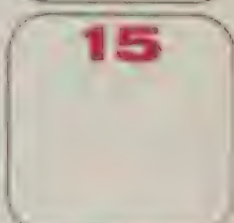
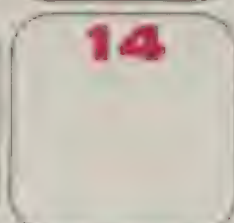


JUNE

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AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	





AUGUST 1972

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

JULY

S M T W T F S
2 3 4 5 6 7 8
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16 17 18 19 20 21 22
23 24 25 26 27 28 29
30 31

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2 ☾

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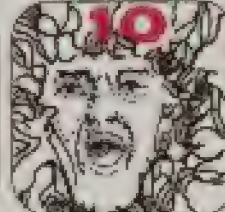
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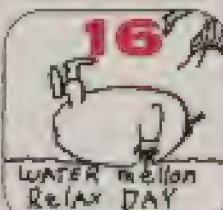
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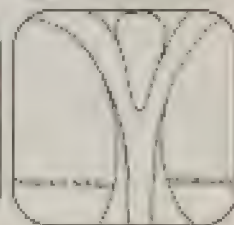
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31 ☾

SEPTEMBER

S M T W T F S
1 2
3 4 5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 13 14 15 16
17 18 19 20 21 22 23
24 25 26 27 28 29 30





University of Missouri, St. Louis

Photo 10. M. J. G. G. G.

SEPTEMBER 1972

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

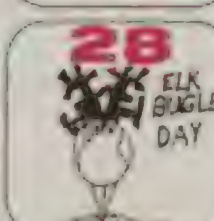
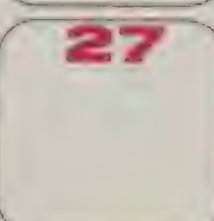
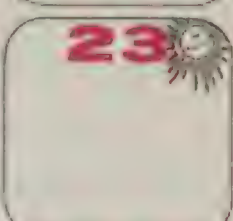
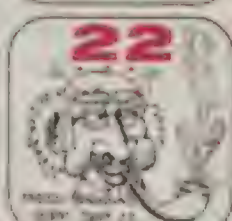
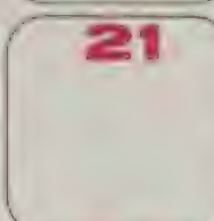
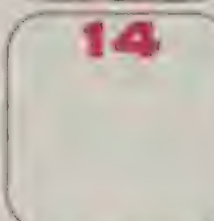
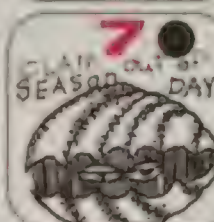


AUGUST

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20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

OCTOBER

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15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				





OCTOBER 1972

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

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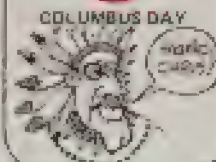
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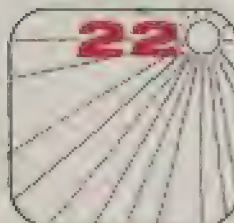
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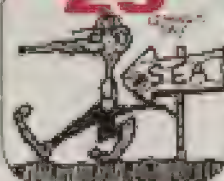
VETERANS DAY

Where have all the flowers gone?



24

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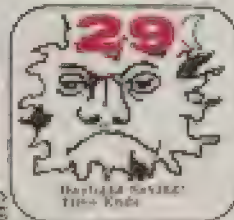


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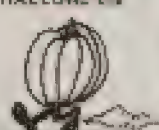


Halloween
Time-Knife

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31

HALLOWEEN



SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					



Electricity at Mountain View.

Photo by Dan Burden

NOVEMBER 1972

SUNDAY

MONDAY

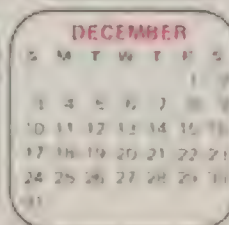
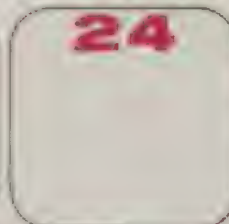
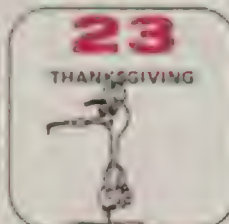
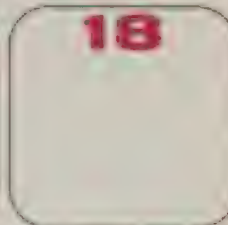
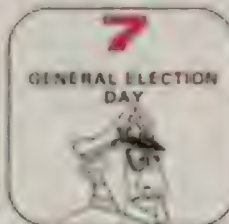
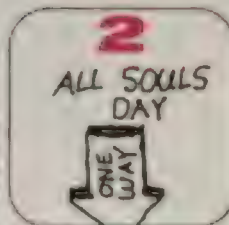
TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY





DECEMBER 1972

SUNDAY

MONDAY

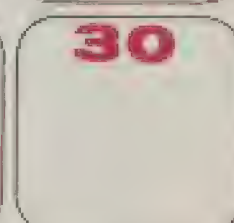
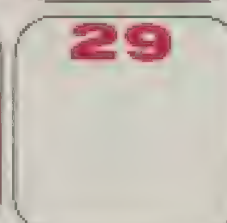
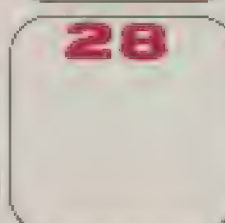
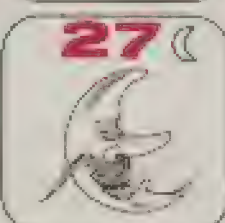
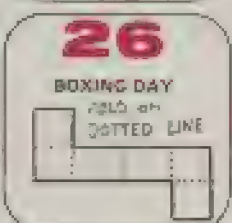
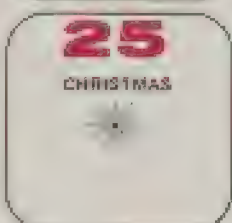
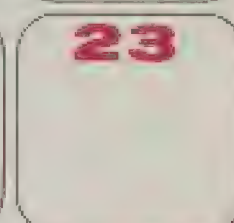
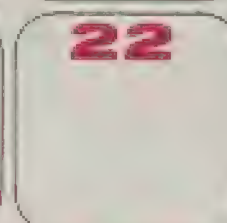
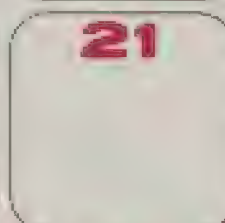
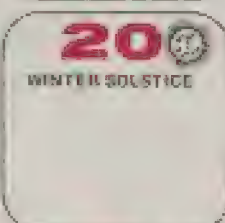
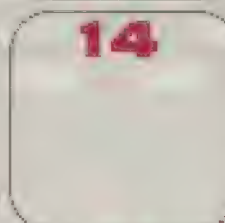
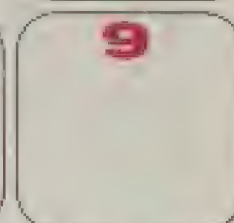
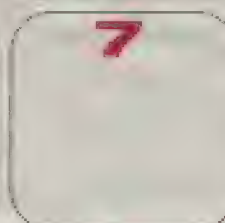
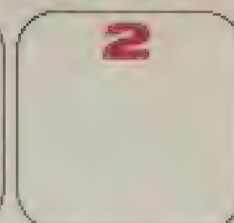
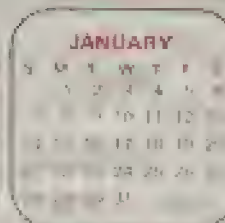
TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY





University of Montana Journal



THE LAST SENTINEL

'72



We took on a new format this year.

Several of them.

The gradual loss of interest in yearbook publications left us especially uneasy this year. Last spring ('71) the student government turned down a request for financial support. An offer of free photos to encourage class pictures drew 270 out of nearly 9,000 students. Eight organizations purchased pages. The athletic department, Forestry Club and Student Government showed no interest.

So our first change was major. We went to a magazine, and included a questionnaire to learn student wishes. Only 60 came back. The magazine idea seemed too costly for the return. And so, a second shift.

And our final publication. A photo essay by the few who remain observing.

editor: Dan Burden



contributors: Jacques Bordeleau
Tom Schultz
Frank Lazarewicz
Carl Hansen
Jim Clayborn
Penguin—Monte Dolack
William Nettles



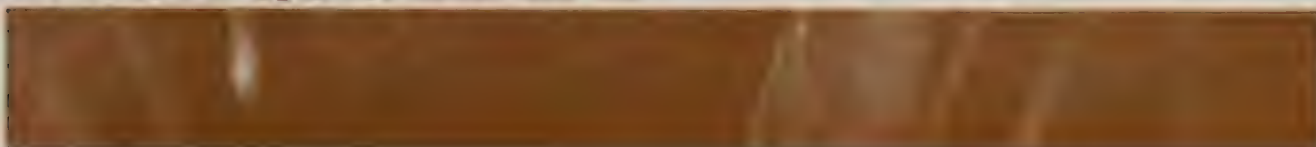
born of a wave
someone saw us as more
than one aspect of
man and environment

anal.o.gy \ə-'nal-ə-jē\ *n* 1 : inference that if two or more things agree with one another in some respects they will prob. agree in others 2 : resemblance in some particulars between things otherwise unlike : SIMILARITY 3 : correspondence between the members





of pairs or sets of linguistic forms that serves as a basis for the creation of another form 4 : correspondence in function between anatomical parts of different structure and origin — compare HOMOLOGY **syn** see LIKENESS **LT**







as.cend \ə-'send\ *vb* [ME *ascenden*, fr. L *ascenders*, fr. *ad-* + *scan-*
dere to climb — more at **SCAN**] *vi* **1 a** : to move gradually upward
b : to slope upward **2 a** : to rise from a lower level or degree
b : to go back in time or in order of genealogical succession ~ *vt*
1 : to go or move up : **MOUNT** **2** : to succeed to : **OCCUPY** — **as-**
cend.able or **as.cend.ible** \ə-'sen-də-bəl\ *adj*

syn **ASCEND**, **MOUNT**, **CLIMB**, **SCALE** mean to move upward or to-
ward the top. **ASCEND** implies little more than progressive upward
movement; **MOUNT** implies reaching the top or attaining impressive
or dangerous heights; **CLIMB** suggests effort and the use of hands and
feet; **SCALE** suggests an essentially vertical ascending requiring the
use of ladder or rope

as.cen.dance or **as.cen.dence** \ə-'sen-dən(t)s\ *n* : **ASCENDANCY**

as.cen.dan.cy or **as.cen.den.cy** \ə-'sen-dən-sē\ *n* : governing or
controlling influence : **DOMINATION** **syn** see **SUPREMACY**

as.cen.dant also **as.cen.dent** \ə-'sen-dənt\ *n* [ME *ascendent*, fr.
ML *ascendent-*, *ascendens*, fr. L, prp. of *ascendere*] **1** : the point of
the ecliptic or degree of the zodiac that rises above the eastern
horizon at any moment **2** : a state or position of dominant
power **3** : a lineal or collateral relative in the ascending line

ascendant also **ascendent** *adj* **1 a** : moving upward : **RISING**
b : directed upward (an ~ stem) **2 a** : **SUPERIOR** **b** : **DOMINANT**

as.cend.er \ə-'sen-dər, 'a-,\ *n* : the part of a lowercase letter that
exceeds x height; also : a letter that has such a part

as.cend.ing *adj* **1** : mounting or sloping upward **2** : rising upward
usu. from a more or less prostrate base or point of attachment

as.cen.sion \ə-'sen-chən\ *n* [ME, fr. L *ascension-*, *ascensio*, fr.
ascensus, pp. of *ascendere*] : the act or process of ascending

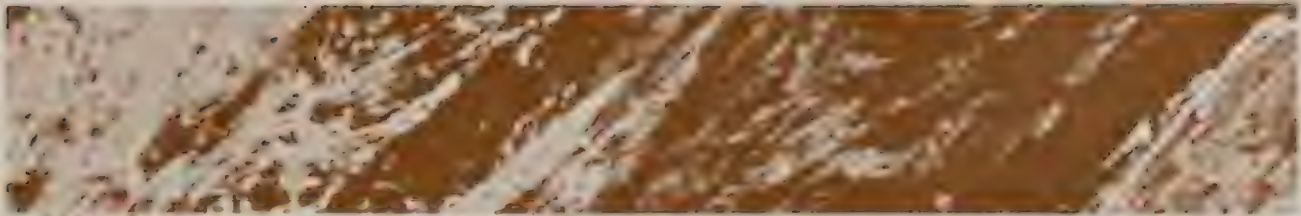
as.cen.sion.al \ə-'sench-nəl, -ən-'l\ *adj* : of or relating to ascen-
sion or ascent

Ascension Day *n* : the Thursday 40 days after Easter on which is
commemorated Christ's ascension into Heaven







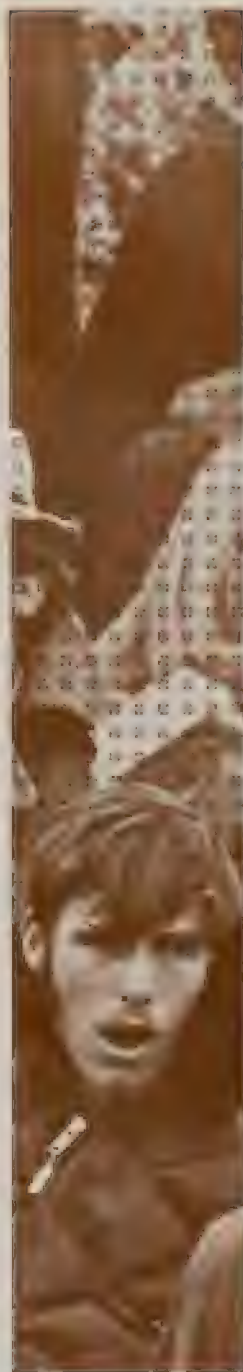
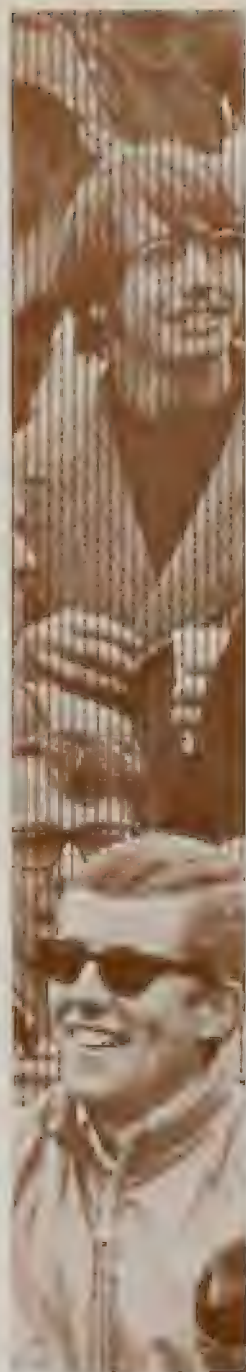


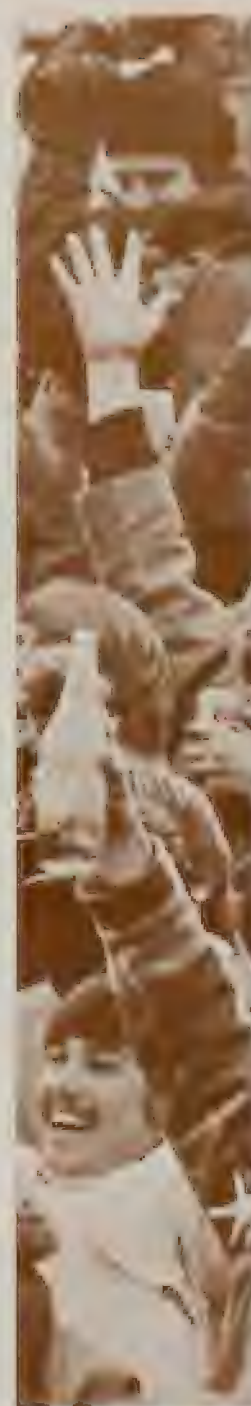
cliff-hang.er \-,han-ər\ *n* **1** : an adventure serial or melodrama;
esp : one presented in installments each ending in suspense **2** : a
contest whose outcome is in doubt up to the very end III

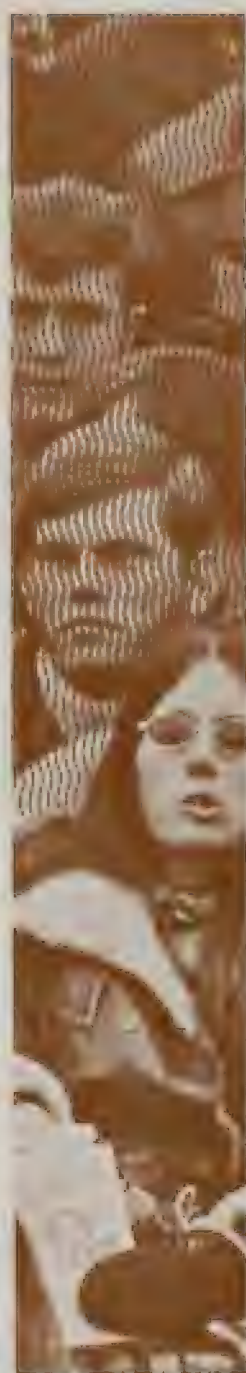


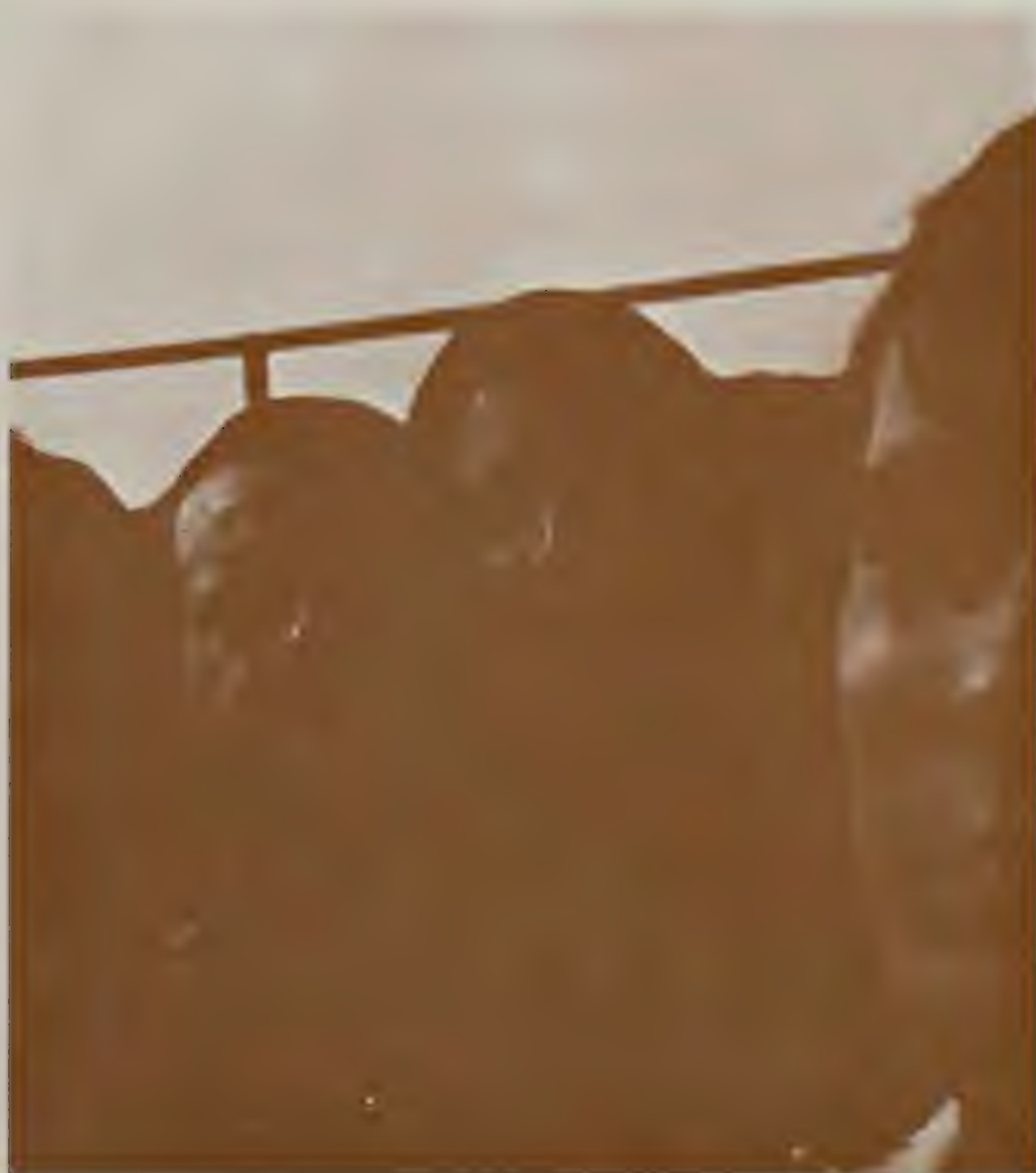
















¹**crowd** \ˈkraʊd\ *vb* [ME *crouden*, fr. OE *crūdan*; akin to MHG *kroten* to crowd, OE *croð* multitude, Ml̥r *gruth* curds] *vi* **1 a** : to press on : HURRY **b** : to press close **2** : to collect in numbers ~ *vt* **1 a** : to fill by pressing or thronging together **b** : to press, force, or thrust into a small space **2** : PUSH, FORCE **3 a** : to urge on **b** : to put on (sail) in excess of the usual for greater speed **4** : to put pressure on **5** : THRONG, JOSTLE **6** : to press close to

²**crowd** *n* **1** : a large number of persons esp. when collected into a somewhat compact body without order : THRONG **2** : the great body of the people : POPULACE **3** : a large number of things close together **4** : a group of people having a common interest

syn THRONG, CRUSH, MOB, ROUT, HORDE: CROWD implies a massing together and often suggests a loss of individuality of the unit or member; THRONG carries a stronger implication of movement and pushing; CRUSH stresses compact concentration that causes discomfort; MOB may be a casual intensive for CROWD but specifically implies a disorderly crowd bent on destruction or violence; ROUT and HORDE apply to a rushing or tumultuous crowd



'cy·cle \ 'sī-kəl, *δ* also 'sik-əl\ *n*, *often attrib* [F or LL; F, fr, LL *cyclus*, fr. Gk *kyklos* circle, wheel, cycle — more at **WHEEL**] **1** : an interval of time during which a sequence of a recurring succession of events or phenomena is completed **2 a** : a course or series of events or operations that recur regularly and usu. lead back to the starting point **b** : one complete performance of a vibration, electric oscillation, current alternation, or other periodic process **3** : a circular or spiral arrangement: as **a** : an imaginary circle or orbit in the heavens **b** : **WHORL** **c** : **RING** **10 4** : a long period of time : **AGE** **5 a** : a group of poems, plays, novels, or songs treating the same theme **b** : a series of narratives dealing typically with the exploits of a legendary hero **6 a** : **BICYCLE** **b** : **TRICYCLE** **c** : **MOTORCYCLE** — **cy·clie** \ 'sī-klik, 'sik-lik\ or **cy·cli·cal** \ 'sī-kli-kəl, 'sik-li-\ *adj* — **cy·cli·cal·ly** \ -k(ə-)lē\ *adv*

2cy·cle \ 'sī-kəl, "*ride*" also 'sik-əl\ *vb* **cy·cling** \ 'sī-k(ə-)liŋ, 'sik(-ə)-\ *vi* **1 a** : to pass through a cycle **b** : to recur in cycles **2** : to ride a cycle; *specif* : **BICYCLE** ~ *vt* : to cause to go through a cycle — **cy·cler** \ 'sī-k(ə-)lər, 'sik(-ə)-\ *n*

cy·clist \ 'sī-k(ə-)ləst, 'sik(-ə)-\ *n* : one who rides a cycle **11**



11







1cy·cloid \sī-'klōid\ *n* [F *cycloïde*, fr. Gk' *kykloeidēs* circular, fr. *kyklos*] **1** : a curve generated by a point on the circumference of a circle rolling along a straight line **2** : CYCLOTHYME — cy·cloi·dal \sī-'klōid-'l\ *adj*
2cycloid *adj* **1** : CIRCULAR; *esp* : arranged or progressing in circles





dra·ma·tize \ 'dram-ə-,tīz, 'dräm-\ *vi* **1** : to adapt for theatrical presentation **2** : to present or represent in a dramatic manner ~ *vi*
1 : to be suitable for dramatization **2** : to dramatize oneself III






erod·ible \i-'rōd-ə-bəl\ *adj* : capable of or subject to being eroded

III



ero·sion \i-'rō-zhən\ *n* **1** : the process of eroding : the state of being eroded **2** : an instance or product of the process of eroding — **ero·sion·al** \-'rōzh-nəl, -'rō-zhən-'l\ *adj* 



grav.i.tate \ˈgrav-ə-tāt\ *vi* 1 : to move under the influence of gravitation 2 **a** : to move toward something **b** : to become attracted ~ *vt* : to move by gravitation

grav.i.ta.tion \ˌgrav-ə-ˈtā-shən\ *n* 1 **a** : a force manifested by acceleration toward each other of two free material particles or bodies or of radiant-energy quanta **b** : the action or process of gravitating 2 : an attraction to something — **grav.i.ta.tion.al** \-shən-əl-*adj* — **grav.i.ta.tion.al.ly** \-ē\ *adv* — **grav.i.ta.tive** \ˈgrav-ə-ˈtāt-iv\ *adj* **ET**





jive \ˈjɪv\ *n* [origin unknown] **1** : swing music or the dancing performed to it **2** *a slang* : glib, deceptive, or foolish talk **b** : the jargon of hipsters **c** : a special jargon of difficult or slang terms
jive *vi* **1 slang** : KID **2** : to dance to or play jive ~ *vt* **1 slang** : TEASE **2** : SWING 5 **LI**

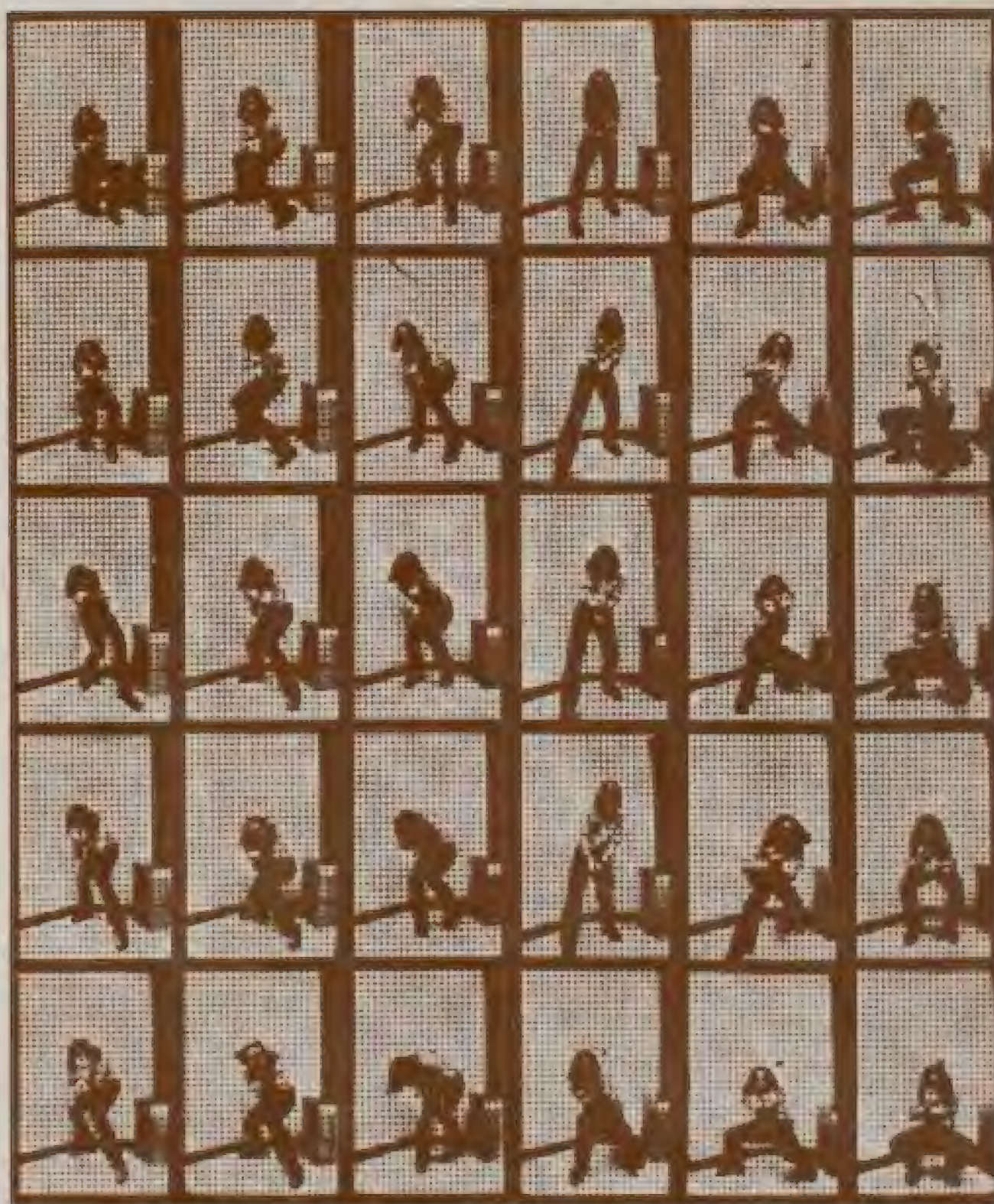





mar·mot \ 'mär-mət \ *n* [*F marmotte*] : a stout-bodied short-legged burrowing rodent (genus *Marmota*) with coarse fur, a short bushy tail, and very small ears **LLI**



me.te.or.ite \ 'mēt-ē-ō, rīt \ *n* : a meteor that reaches the surface of the earth without being completely vaporized — **me.te.or.it.ic** \ .mēt-ē-ō 'rit-ik \ *adj* — **me.te.or.it.i.cal** \ -i-kəl \ *adj* **Tr**



pup·pet \ˈpəp-ət\ *n* [ME *poper*, fr. MF *poupette*, dim. of (assumed) *poupe* doll, fr. L *pupa*] **1** : a small-scale figure of a human or other living being often with jointed limbs and moved by hand or by strings or wires **2** : DOLL **1** **3** : one whose acts are controlled by an outside force or influence 



quarte \ˈkärt\ *n* [F, fr. fem. of *quart* fourth] : the fourth of the eight defensive positions in fencing 𐄂



LY



self-con-trol \,self-kən-'trōl\ *n* : restraint exercised over one's own impulses, emotions, or desires — **self-con-trolled** \-'trōld\

III





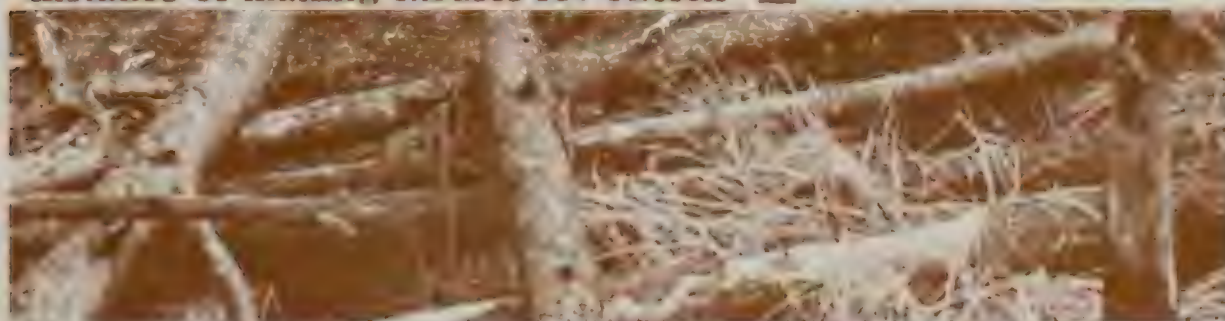
self-crit-i-cism \-'krit-ə-,siz-əm\ *n* : the act or capacity of criticizing one's own faults or shortcomings ㄱ



self-dis-cov.ery \,self-dis-'kɒv-(ə-)rē\ *n* : the act or process of achieving self-knowledge 𐀀𐀁



self-jus-ti-fi-ca-tion \,self-jəs-tə-fə-'kā-shən\ *n* : the act or an instance of making excuses for oneself 𐄂





self-lim-it-ed \ 'sel- 'flim-ət-ed\ *adj* : limited by one's or its own nature; *specif* : running a definite and limited course (a ~ disease)




self-sub-sis-tent \-'sis-tənt\ *adj* : subsisting independently of anything external to itself III





self-re-al-iza-tion \,sel-,frē-(ə-)lə-'zā-shən\ *n* : fulfillment by oneself of the possibilities of one's character or personality **L**



un·der·achiev·er \,ən-də-rē-'chē-vər\ *n* : a student who fails to achieve his scholastic potential 





uni-ver-si-ty \yu-nə-'vər-sə-tē, -'vər-stē\ *n*, often attrib [ME *universite*, fr. OF *université*, fr. ML *universitat-*, *universitas*, fr. L *universus*] : an institution of higher learning providing facilities for teaching and research and authorized to grant academic degrees; *specif* : one made up of an undergraduate division which confers bachelor's degrees and a graduate division which comprises a graduate school and professional schools each of which may confer master's degrees and doctorates **III**





wait-a-bit \ 'wāt-ə-,bit\ *n* [trans. of Afrik *wag-'n-bietjie*] : any of several plants bearing thorns or stiff hooked appendages 🌱





"You must look around
you, at the mountains and
skies, at the plants and animals.
You must look within yourself."

—Guardian Spirit by Chad Oliver











"who scribbled all night rocking
and rolling over lofty incarnations
which in the yellow morning were
stanzas of gibberish"

— Allen Ginsberg



111

Better to see the face than to hear the name.

— zen proverb







"the land that is no-where, that is the true home."

— Yu Ch'ing









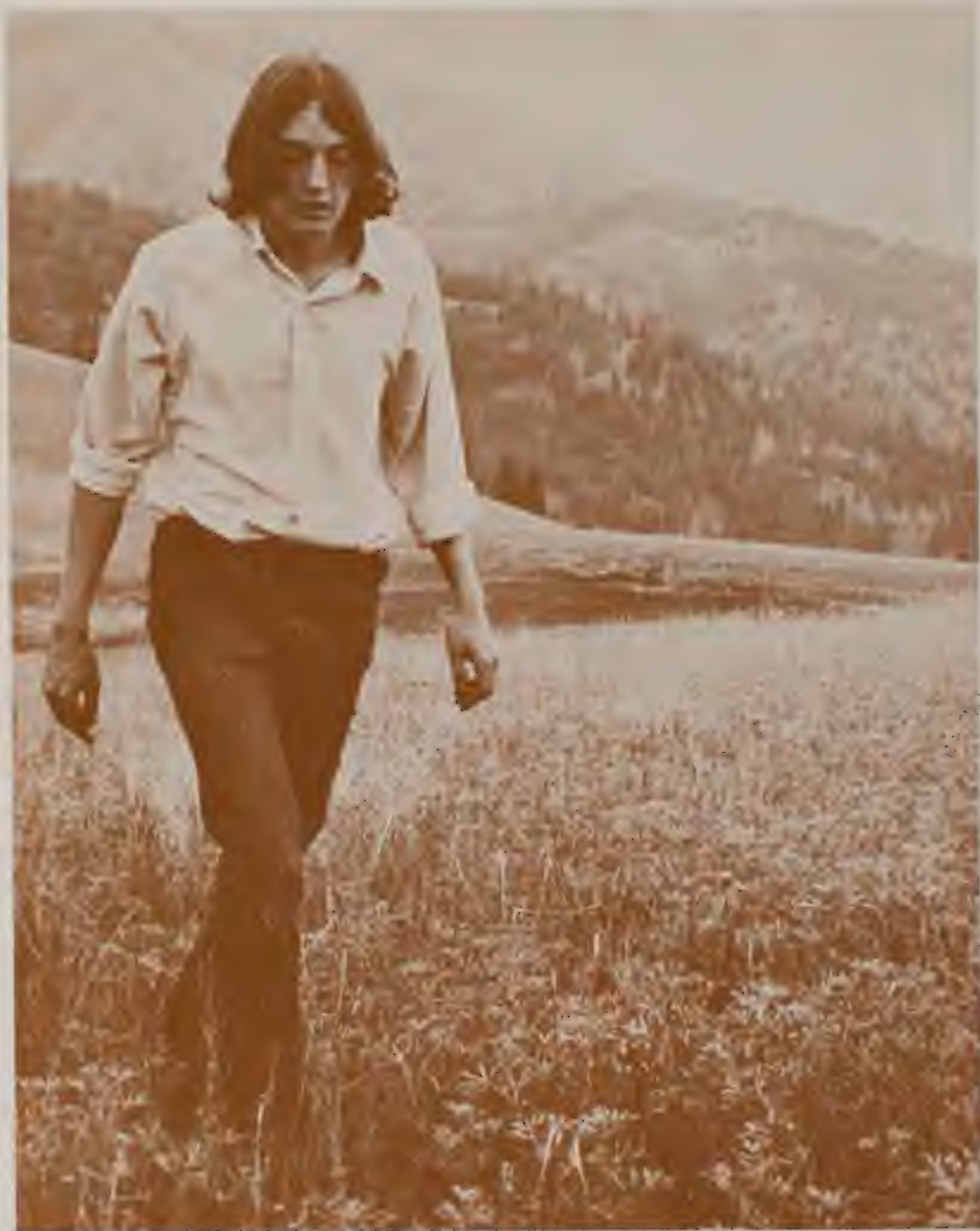


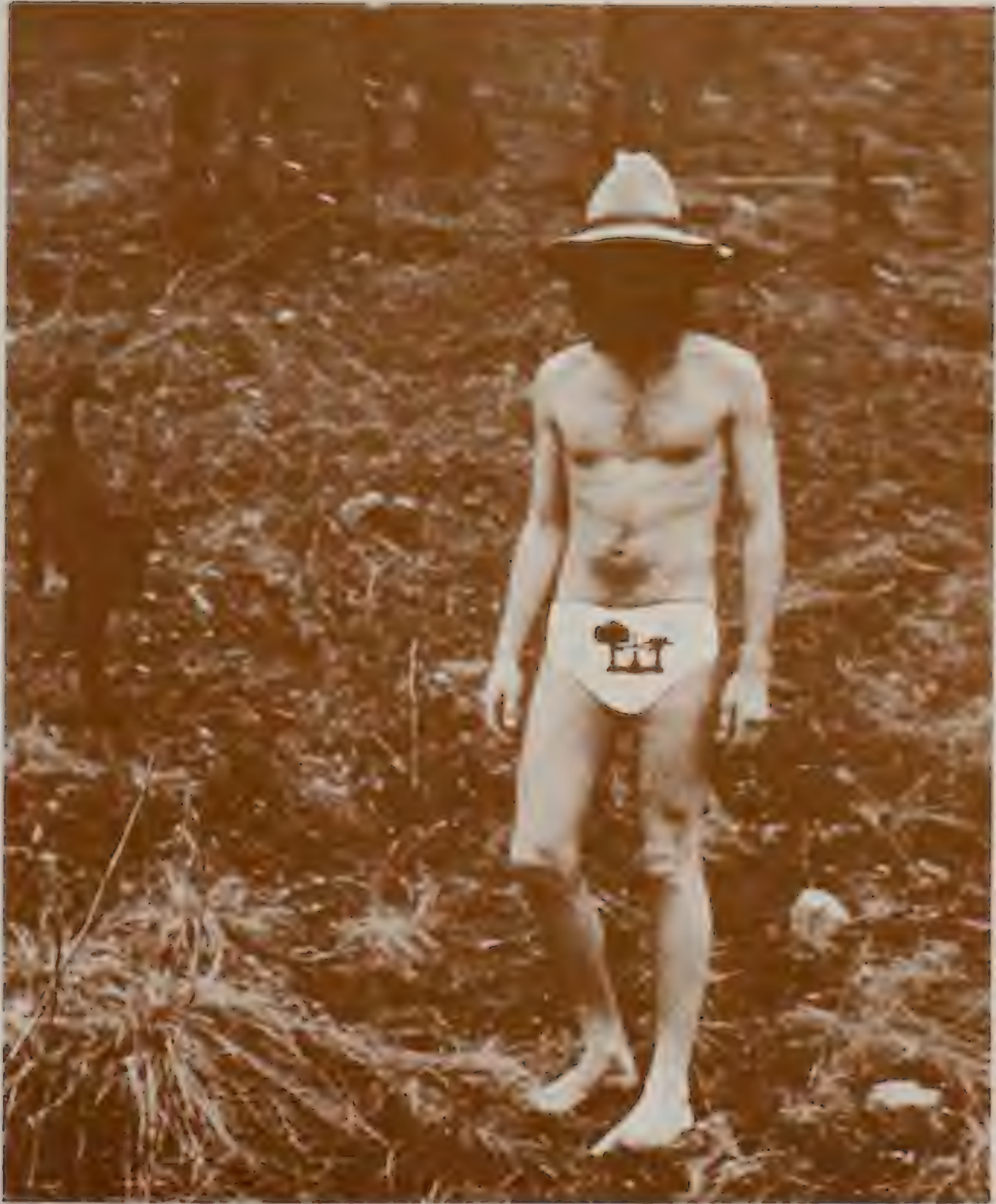


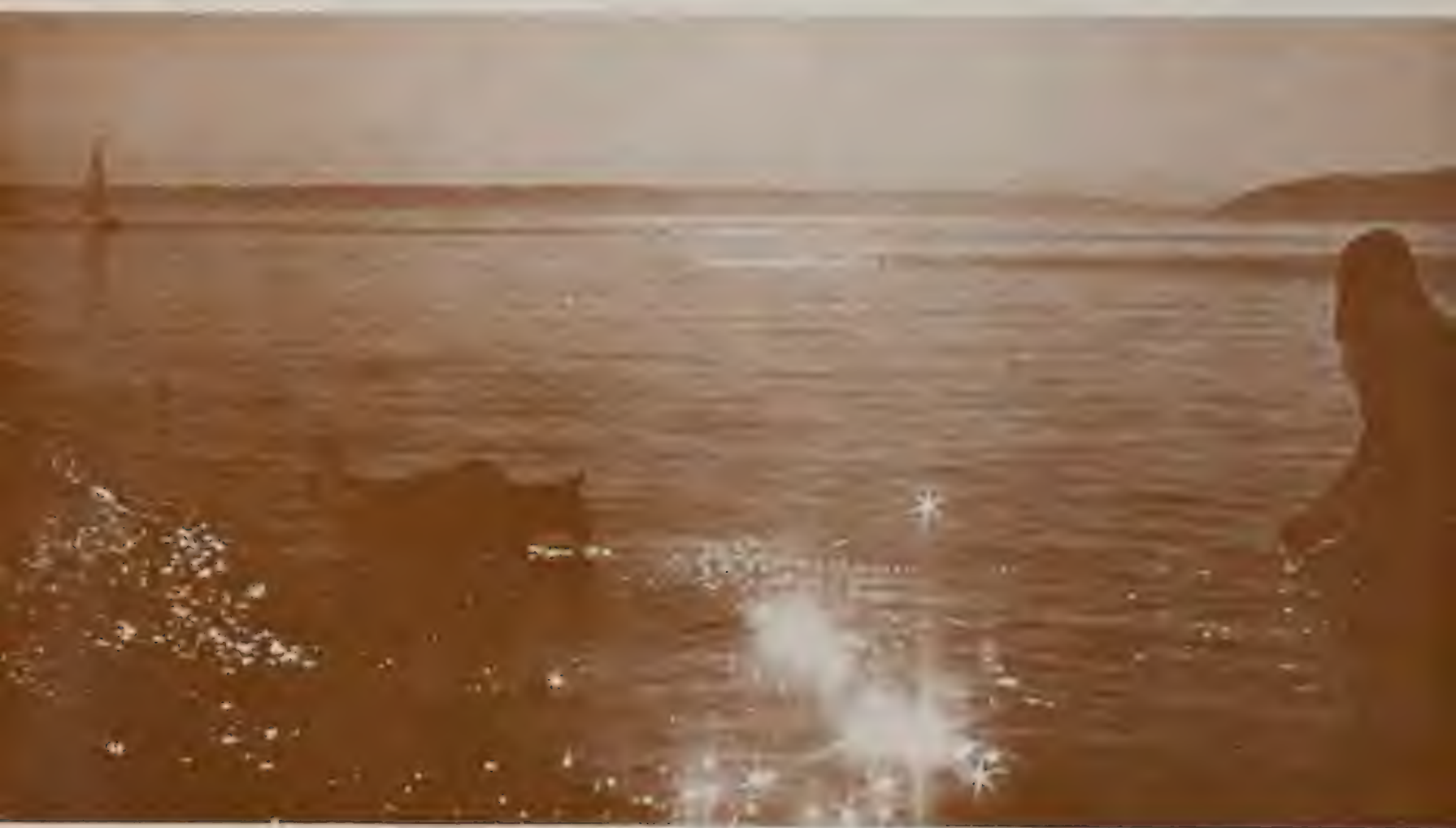














music



























Friday, May 26

ALL THE BEER YOU CAN DRINK

★ ★ ★ ★ 100 KEGS ★ ★ ★

LIVE MUSIC

BIG SKY COUNTRY BAND

TENDER GREEN

ARROW-AND-MORE!!



SAVE THE BOOKS

START THE SUMMER OFF RIGHT

ALL PROCEEDS GO TO LIBRARY FUND MY FRIEND AND YOURS

DONATION OF \$2 AS YOU ENTER ID'S WILL BE CHECKED

JUNE 1ST @ DEER CREEK (BONNER FLATS)

STARTS AT 2:00 P.M.

LASTS TILL THE NIGHT ENDS

ALL TURNS AND
ROAD ARE FLAGGED
WITH TAPE























montana white site





"Climb the mountains
and get their good tidings;
Nature's peace will flow into you
as sunshine into flowers; the winds
will blow their freshness into you and the
storms their energy, and cares will drop
off like autumn leaves."

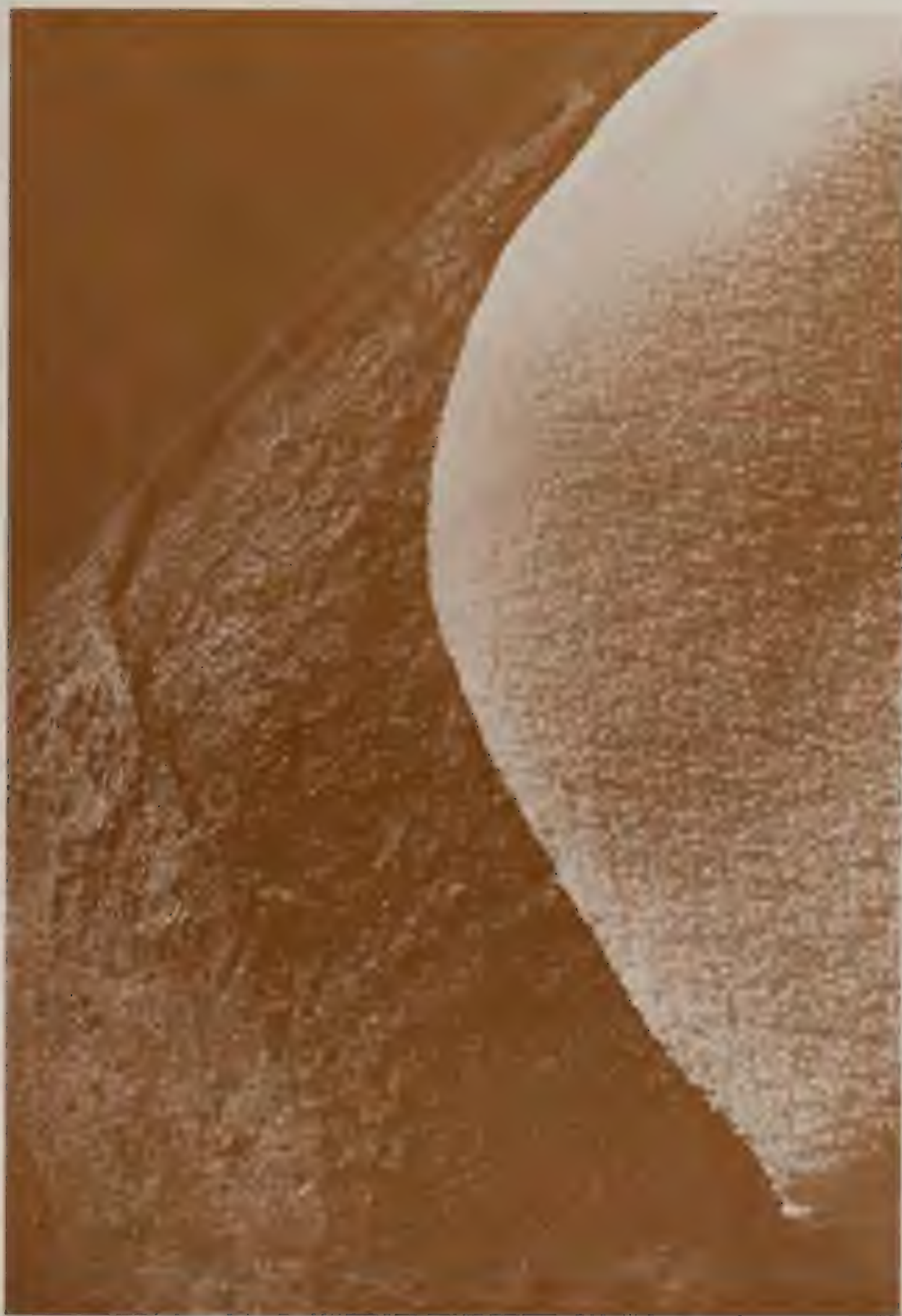
— John Muir

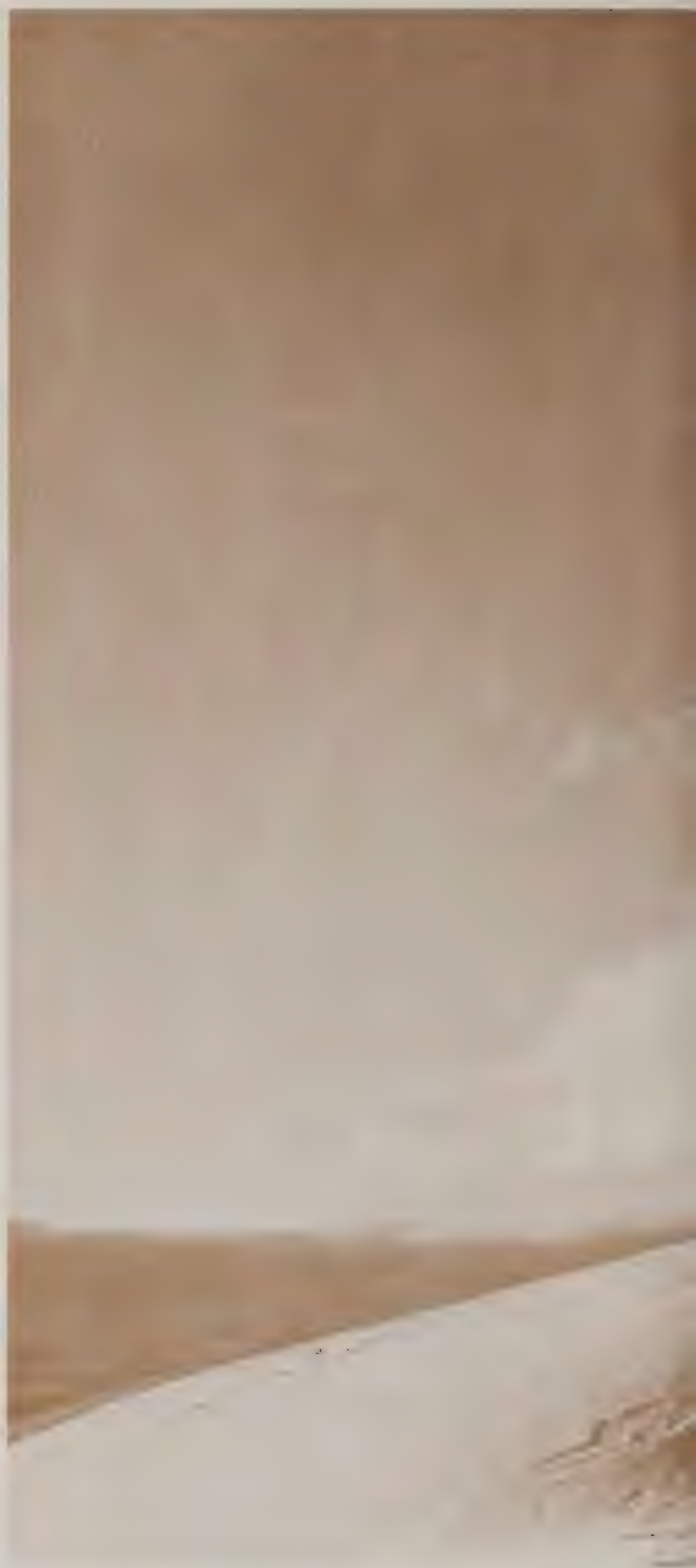




















AOP

TOP (left to right)

Jan Goldbahn
Carol Hokason
Norma Wahlen
Audrey Shaw
Sarah Emerson
Louise Granning
Patricia Kelly
Julie Wilson
Jo Smith
Jane Anderson
Sally Janssen
Linda Gohrick
Lynn Hauptman

SECOND ROW (left to right)

Irene Cook
Cindy Bardwell
Marcy Doyle
Peggy Wilson
Grace Schoenen (Housemother)
Nancy Long
Marg Hanson
Gretchen Anderson
Wanda Morast

THIRD ROW (left to right)

Colleen Kelly
Laris Martin
Norma Woody
Woodeene Koenig
Candy Miller



TOP ROW (left to right)

Jane Lindstrand
Sharon Collins
Faye Hansen
Rica Garrison
Janet Perkins
Jeanne Yunk
Ann Butorac
Rene Grassell

THIRD ROW (left to right)

Michele Leary
Deanna McDonald
Mary Jo Walla
Peggy Clapp
Pam Fritz
Mary Glynn George
Dorothy Orr
Barb Loepp
Jan Daly
Margaret Edsall

SECOND ROW (left to right)

Bobbie Williams
Elaine Madsen
Lynne Booth
Kay Kovach
Mary Remole
Jane Fellows
Karen Schipf
Kathy Kelley

BOTTOM ROW (left to right)

Joanne Dillon
Judy Gilbert
Mima Lundsten
Cathy Pike
Margaret Shannon
Judy Altwein

DELTA GAMMA



SAE

TOP (left to right)

Steve Crosby
Hans Holt
Bill Miller
Jerry McCarthy
Keith Hanson
Paul Singer
Rugga Mather

BOTTOM

Steve Schmir
Tom Forsyth
Steve Bennyhoff
Dave Burchett
Dan Doyle
Larry Brewer
Mike Dillon
Rick March
Phil Mehelish
Steve Hopkins
Dan Bitney



SIGMA NU

TOP ROW (left to right)

Larry Shuster
Jerry Shuster
Daisy
Dan Knottingham
John Matsko
Jim Carlson
Eril Hanson
Pat Mahar
Bill Ellingson
John Lyle

SECOND ROW (left to right)

Jerry Harn
Jack Swarthout
Churh Hartig
Mark Clark
Andrew McFarland
Greg Onarak
Darrel Petterson
Tob Henderickson
David Wheat
Chris Maurer

THIRD ROW (left to right)

Robert Richeson
Ronald Koon
Kit Haddow
Leonard Sykes
Curly Culp
Jim Smesrud
Joe College



KKG

BACK ROW (left to right)

Sherri Corning
Susan Thrailkill
Suzy Wierzbinski
Katie Grove
Margaret Warden
Carla Wilyard
Nancy Jordan
Barb Penner
Julie Taylor
Liz Bricker
Liz Poore
Ann Spicola
Donna Whittington
Joy Taylor
Ames Chandler
Kathy Shoup
Marsha Smith

MIDDLE ROW (left to right)

Sandy Ulrich
Jan Hill
Cathy Berg
Nancy Rogers
Pam Gullard
Wendy Fraser
Mary Sale
Jo Ann Madsen
Jan Johnson
Polly Lyman
Sarah Simmons
Betsy Schmoll
Patti Babb

FRONT ROW (left to right)

Les Hulert
Sheryl Huntley
Lisa Curran
Marcia Delano
Marcia Bucher
Debbie Nelson
Palma Sandell
Barb Gullard
Lindsay Walterskirchen
Karen King



FRONT ROW (left to right)

Debbie Clark
Dee Phillips
Jan MacPherson
Mary Pat Jeub
Molly Harrison
Karin Olsen
Sue McKenzie
Debbie Adams
Nancy Perkins
Karen Storie
Ellen Miller
Chris Switzer

MIDDLE ROW (left to right)

Cathy Haser
Donna Gorton
Mrs. Allan (Housemother)
Rene Wedin
Ann Pettersen
Sue Jolley
Jeri Polston
Jo Ann McDonald
Jo Mariana
Sandy Miller
Denise Turcott
Sandi Hainer
Jackie Rahn
Kristi Bengston
Paula Penfold

BACK ROW (left to right)

Cheryl Brox
Kerin Overfelt
Marilyn McDonald
Marsha Stokke
Jeanie Beary
Debbie Hawes
Debi Beall
Mariam McCall
Jane Conner
Theresa Verlanic
Jane Bush
Ginnie Murphey
Jane Bowman
Chris Mahoney
Barbara Wempner
Carol Stoick
Kim Randak
Monica Bergston
Karen Anderson
Betsy Husbands
Kathy Carman
Gael Mullen

KAT



C l a s s e s

Seniors



THOMAS ANDERSON
SUSAN BALLOU
PAM CODD

MARVEL ANGEL
BEVERLY BARNES
MARY ANN CLARKE

ETHEL AUSTIN
SASAA BRIONALOW
LINDA COOLEY

ALLEN BALI
MIKE CARLSON
DICK ELMORE



W. GEORGE FULTZ
ROY ITO
NANCY KEY

WAYNE D. FUTS
HOWARD JOHNSON
KATHRYN KEARNS

CORBIN HOWARD
EDWARD KARGACIN
PAT KING

KIRK HUBBARD
ROBERT KAUFMAN
LUKE KONANTZ



KAREN MacMILLAN
SHELIA McMAHON
CAROL MONGEY

TONI MALTESE
JAYNE McMANUS
VINT MOUGEY

DORENA MARTIN
CHERYL MOCK
LOCHLAN MURPHY

LORIS MARTIN
JANET MOORE
EARL NELSON



HELEN NELSON
PAUL RASMUSSEN
MARGARET SEIG

GLEN NICOLA
WANDA RASMUSSEN
JAMES SHEVLIN

LAUNIE PETERSON
SHEILA REARDON
RUTH SMELTZER

JOSEPH MCNEILL
EDWARD ROSSTON
JAMES SMITH



JOHN STEPHENS
LAURA TREMPLE
KIMMY WEBB

JACK TANNER
DEBBIE WALDE
GERHARD WELTER

BARBARA THLEN
DAVE W. WYONZAAH
PATRICK WYDE

JULIE THRENT
CRAIG WEDD
LARRY YOUNG



STAN ZUBROWSKI

JULIE WILSON

RODRICK GREGORY

Juniors



Lucy Alley Ivan Bauer Debbie Beck Pam Benson Jerry Benson Robert Benson
 Cynthia Carrick Janet Carl Sue Edwards Shirley Brooks Randy Brooks Linda Belding
 Rodney DeVall Diane Davis Christopher Daly Anthony Lunningham Irene Clark Rebecca Christensen
 Jason Goldblatt Richard Frydson Alan Gundersen Larry Fog Lynn Evans Jim Elmquist
 Margaret Haley Rob Hunter Carol Hukusma Michael Hulen Paul Hulen Scott Hunsley

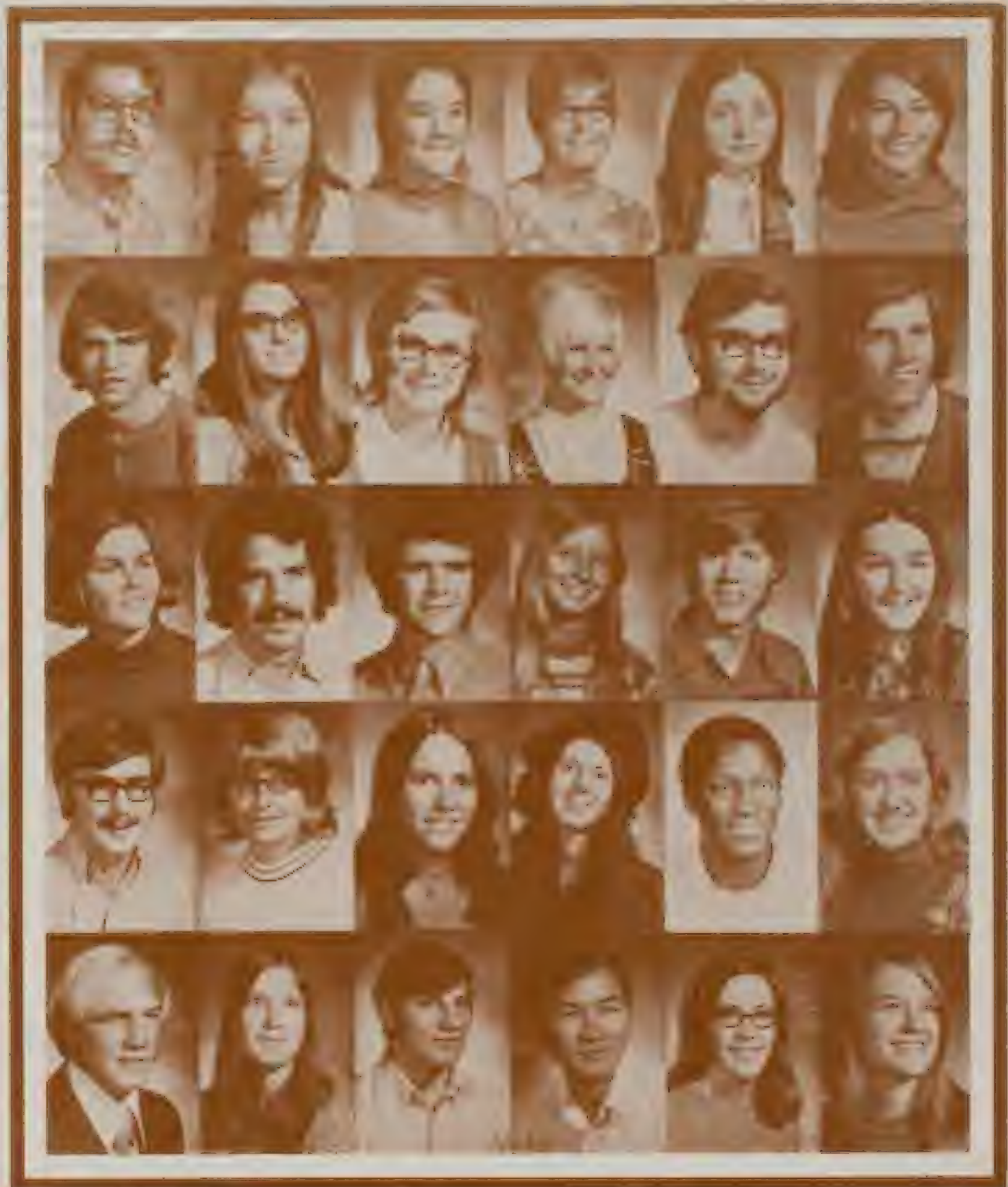


Susan Innals Wesley Jones Gordon Lee Alan Lightner Debbie Losleben Gregory Luculeh
 Kathleen Madison Rick March Rick Markin John McIwen Lee Ann McKenna Darryl McVicker
 Ted Morris Carol Mullany Rick Overheu John Patton Kristi Paulson Gail Prestmo
 Joan Rebich Kenny Robbins Gerald Rubb Keith Rush Jan Schmid Carol Schwend
 Margaret Shannon Dean Solheim Gary Staudinger Sandi Stember Mary Jo Stephens Jack Stockwell



Robert Stothail Mike Stevense Tim Tayne Robert Thaack B. Thornton Melvin Tienwald
 Russ Toenyas Stephen Turkiwig Henry Tweeten Connie Udem Gail Vaughan Everett Vozain
 Margaret Warden Wesley Winkler Gloria Wong

Sophomores



Thomas Abold Karen Baker Sarah Baldwin Bruce Baker Alan Brinkhoff Nancy Broad
 Chuck Burnett James Calvert Henry Campbell Jesse Davidson William Davis William Deane
 Seth Fierman Joseph Fries Mark Fries Ellen Gorman Brad Hatfield Lynn Hattislow
 Bill Hayford Carol Hilditch Susan Hunt Wade Jones Margaret Kagan William Kemp
 Greg Koser Judy Lane Richard Lee Sue Lee Maury Legend Sam Lindman



Ken Lallo, Emma Mallon, Dana Jo Marshall, Wendy Murray, Dave Moore, Ruth Mallon,
 Donna Finkle, Stephanie Owsen, William Fiske, Nicole Emerson, Doug Bishop, Mark Ryan,
 Robert Smalley, Margaret Ann Talbot, Tim Talbot, Charley Wallum, Judy Wang, Mike Wimmer,
 Jason Whaley, Maria Wind, Phyllis Wilson, Jack Wong, Ted Wong

Freshmen



Jackie Azberge Curt A. Almli Robert A. Anderson Sandy Anderson Diana Austin Jeanie Beary Chris Barcox Dennis Beckhold
 Gordon Benka Harry Brennan Chris Brown Carol V. Brown Nancy Hubnash Rebecca Browne Paul Buck III Betty Bukland
 Cheryl Burke Laurie Caras Debra Sue Carlson Adrian Caulfield Patricia D. Clark Patricia Conrad Alice Coursey Les Crawford
 Gordon Davidson John H. Dackworth Richard Duncan Eric Eck Steve Edwards Virginia McCollum Art Evstrater Mark Ferguson
 John Fidler Charlotte Fjeld Bruce Fulkerson Bert Gailusdas Bileen Gallagher Jeane Galligan Rica Garrison Thomas Gillespie



Sally Gragory Louise Granning Pam Gretencort Samuel Grimes Michael Hollowell Dina Hardinger Susan Harris E. Ann Harrell
 Marcia Hensel Sue Hemmeo Nancy Hershey Bruce Hill Michael Holder Lynda Holland James Howerton Gary Ingman
 David A. Irion David R. Irion John Kagentz Lois Kenny Charles Kesting Jeff Kole Pat Kubesh Rick Landers
 Jeff Langton Mary Ann Lanier Jody Lamb Monica Lewis Don Lovett Maria Lupo Dennis McCall Maggie McDonald
 Jack McRae Janet McCurdy Chris Mahoney Gail Midtlyng Gail Miller Mary Jane Moore Stephen Morris Cindy Norman



Charles O'Hara Susan O'Neil David O'Neil Paul Pagan Mike Perreault Jeffrey A. Poth Susan Putnam Virginia Rasmussen
 David E. Rader Tim Rader Robert Richards Leland Rich Scott Rowland Kevin Salberg Richard Seaborn William Schmitt
 David Seibert Don Seibert Jon Smith Warren Smith Thomas Smith Norman Spaulding Linda Stansfield Sue Stansfield
 Vince Stenberg Paul Stenberg Cindy Swickard John Thompson James Towner Chris Van Meter Sara Walker John Wescott
 Robert Wick Gary Ray Willis Sherry Wilson Philip Witt Allen Young Terry Zamboni



YOUR BOOK



tosrvart-greg siple